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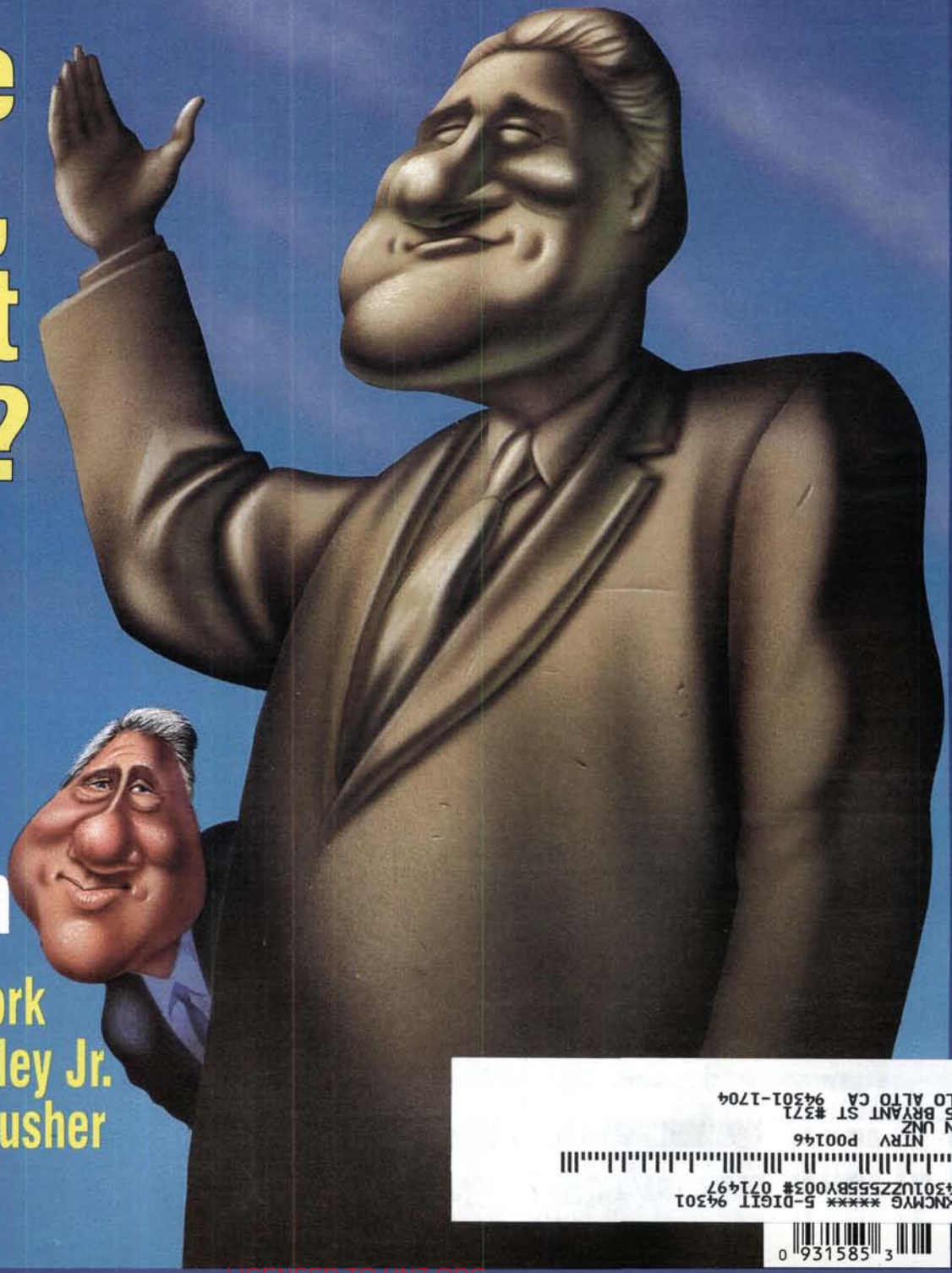
POLITICAL POST-MORTEM

Aristotle and the Culture War—Robert R.Reilly

NATIONAL REVIEW

Little Man, What Now?



How to Forget The Election

Robert H. Bork
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
William A. Rusher

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February 26, 1992: Chrysler minivans are named top safety choice in the passenger van category in Prevention magazine's Safe Car of the Year Awards.

October 11, 1995: Accompanied by the Whetstone HS Marching Band, Chrysler CEO Bob Eaton delivers the five-millionth Chrysler Corporation minivan to the Lombard family of Columbus, Ohio.

November 1, 1995: New Dodge Caravan is named Motor Trend's Car of the Year—first time a minivan wins the award. Second straight year that a Chrysler Corporation vehicle has won.

August 1, 1996: Chrysler Town & Country minivan named top safety choice in the 1995 passenger van category by Prevention magazine. (Anyone see a pattern developing here?)

Having invented the category, we at Chrysler Corporation knew that tampering with something as popular as our minivan would be a delicate operation. (Of course, introducing it in the first place was a bit chancy too.) But what we finally decided was that the greater risk was resting on our laurels. When making great cars

Visit our World Wide Web site at http://www.chryslercorp.com, or call toll-free 1-888-GREATCARS. *Chrysler minivan owner loyalty at 63% in compilation of 62,583 new car and light truck buyers conducted during the '92 second-quarter (January, February, March) sales period. †Always wear your seat belt.

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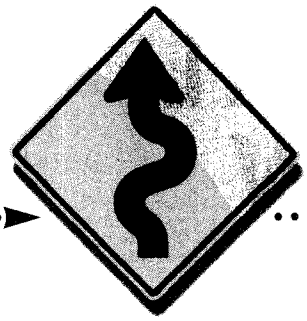
May 15, 1992:
Multidisciplinary platform team convenes to begin work on the next generation of the minivan.

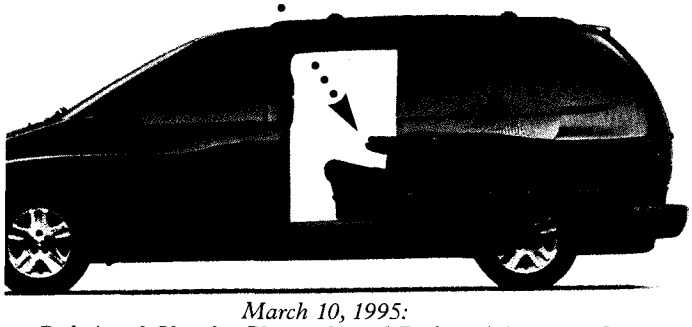


August 1, 1992:
Dodge and Plymouth minivans get optional sport handling suspension. Car pools across America become approximately 37% less boring.

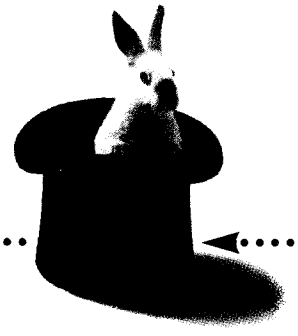
September 18, 1992:
*Consumer Attitude Research announces that Chrysler minivans have the highest repeat purchase rate of any platform sold in the United States.**

July 15, 1992:
Platform team reads letters from minivan owners asking, "Why not put a sliding door on the driver's side too?"

May 9, 1993:
Sales of Chrysler minivans in Asia pass 2,000. Reports that minivan interior is more spacious than average Beijing apartment are unconfirmed.



March 10, 1995:
Redesigned Chrysler, Plymouth, and Dodge minivans reach dealerships with features including dual front air bags,† optional dual sliding doors, Easy Out Roller Seats,™ and enough storage space for the most acquisitive of families.



April 18, 1994:
Fuel-door problem solved. (Sorry, but if we told you how, we'd have to kill you.)

September 15, 1993:
Problem: How to keep driver's-side sliding door from banging into fuel door.

and trucks is your goal, the right decision is usually fairly obvious. Kind of like the idea of putting a sliding door on both sides of your minivan, come to think of it.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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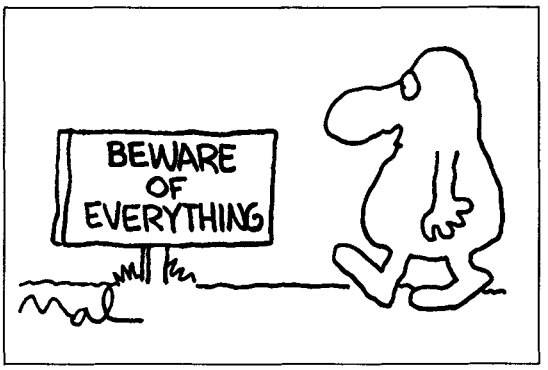

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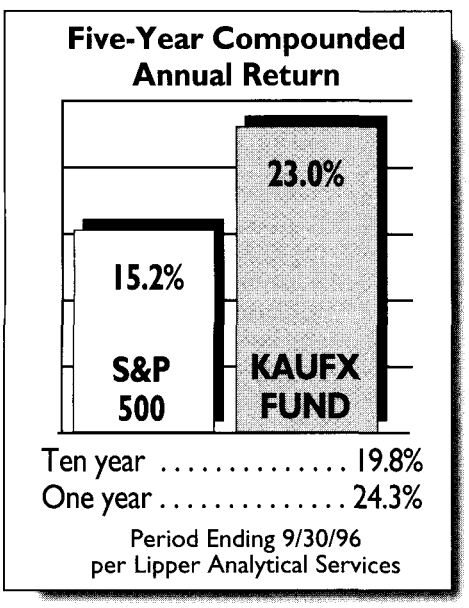

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LETTERS

Fashionably Conservative

Fashion is not an art, but an industry ["In Defense of Elegance," Oct. 28]. The fashion industry may hire artists as designers, individual artists may become fashion entrepreneurs, cultural historians may write about it. But the fashion industry produces a product, and the marketplace determines what is successful. Constant change is what keeps the industry going, and, obviously, there are enough women with enough money to support the wide variety of looks a competitive industry provides.

Yet I still resent the industry that gave women "basic black" now howling at us for wearing black, accusing us of appearing to be an army in mourning or wearing dirty clothes. The truth is that no matter what figure we have, we look good in black. We can dress it up or down, and even look elegant. The industry's battle against black has been going on for years, but I hope we can survive the onslaught of fashion dictation by at least keeping black for when we want to look our best.

Finally, to be really conservative, one would never buy new clothes until the old ones wear out.

Dorothy Stearn
New York, N.Y.

I am a fairly well-dressed conservative, who has served in the pro-life leadership ranks. Lisa Schiffren's "What the Well-Dressed Woman Is Thinking" was *haute couture*.

I confess, I have been a closet fashion-magazine browser. I was appalled when my husband, who owns a nationwide business, announced that this year's Christmas party was merely "upscale casual." I cried all over the Oleg Cassini taffeta and velvet gown hanging in my closet waiting to be worn.

Now that the fashion of conservatism in *Vogue* has been officially recognized, *Vogue* has one more *reader*.

Tamra Farah
Colorado Springs, Colo.

I just received my first issue, and must express my disappointment. Really, "Can Conservatives Do Fashion?" *NR*'s guide to style? This is light and useless in the light of our serious situation in America. I have returned the invoice with a note to cancel the subscription ASAP.

Ray Ward
Richmond Hill, Ga.

Common-Sense Offense

David Klinghoffer's old-fashioned bigotry was evident in "Stones and Bones" [Oct. 14]. He divides the Jerusalem–West Bank inhabitants into "Arabs" and "white people . . . who, to be precise, are not all white" (Jews). He makes clear the fear he felt among the Arabs, yet fails to mention so much as an unpleasant look from an Arab. Had there been any, I can hardly imagine Mr. Klinghoffer omitting the details

Mr. Klinghoffer asserts that "again and again" Arabs prevented him from seeing artifacts, while in fact it was advice from unnamed Israelis that he chose to heed, rather than reported action by any Arab, that curtailed his plan. He followed advice against visiting the Christian Quarter of Jerusalem, "which is inhabited not by Presbyterians, as I vaguely imagined it, but by Christian Arabs." He does not explain his preference for Presbyterians over the Antioch Orthodox. A pity.

Unlike the U.S. Census Bureau, Mr. Klinghoffer believes Arabs are non-white. Well, a few years ago in Jerusalem, my wife asked two Jewish women if a nearby bus was the one to Bethlehem. Yes, they replied, but they warned her not to take it—only Arabs took the bus. My wife, an Arab-American, thanked them, and with her white husband boarded the bus.

Brien Kinkel
Washington, D.C.

To save space, I did omit nearly being mugged in the Armenian Quarter by three Arab youths. Otherwise no one openly menaced me in Israel, but that was because, as in New York, I knew the places where, out of fear for their safety, white people do not go. In New York, whites don't need to have it confirmed by black or Hispanic residents that whites should never enter the South Bronx, a mostly black and Hispanic neighborhood. Mr. Kinkel takes offense at common sense. —DK

Kill Judicial Excess

John O'Sullivan's proposal ["From the Editor," Oct. 28] for a constitutional amendment depriving the Supreme Court of the right (which it gained through John Marshall's coup d'état in *Marbury* v. *Madison*) to declare laws unconstitutional is unnecessary. The Founding Fathers established a limitation on judicial activism —Article III, Section 2. "In all cases affecting Ambassadors, other public Ministers, and Consuls, and those in which a State shall be a party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, *with such exceptions as the Congress shall make.*" (Italics added.)

The Constitution gives Congress enormous powers over the federal judiciary: Congress has the right to decide on the appropriations for the judicial branch; the Senate has the right to reject a presidential appointee to the federal courts, including the Supreme Court; the House may impeach and the Senate may try federal judges, including those of the Supreme Court; Congress decides how many Supreme Court Justices there are to be.

These powers of Congress over the judiciary were intended, Hamilton wrote in the *Federalist Papers*, as "a complete security [against] the danger of judiciary encroachments on the legislative authority." The distinguished legal scholar Herbert Wechsler wrote that "Congress has the power by enactment of a statute to strike at what it deems judicial excess." Another statesman said: "If the policy of the [national] government . . . is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers." It was Lincoln in his first inaugural address.

The Dole campaign has not raised the issue of judicial activism. Amending the Constitution is difficult. Let Congress exercise its constitutional rights. If there are Republican majorities in both houses in 1997, let there be a Contract with America which targets judicial supremacy.

Arnold Beichman
Hoover Institution
Palo Alto, Calif.

Article III, Section 2 has not been used since 1869. Some radical lawyers argue—I believe absurdly—that the Court would rule some uses of it to be unconstitutional. A public campaign for an amendment to annul judicial review altogether—even if it eventually failed—would have the healthy effect of encouraging the Congress to employ its powers as described by Mr. Beichman and of discouraging the Court from resisting. —JO'S

It's the Law

I propose an addition to "O'Sullivan's Laws" ["From the Editor"]. After seeing the outstanding *Richard III*, with Annette Bening and Robert Downey Jr. in the cast, I suggest: "Any present-day American actor, when in any Shakespearean adaptation, will be miscast."

Philip A. Miceli
Emerald Isle, N.C.

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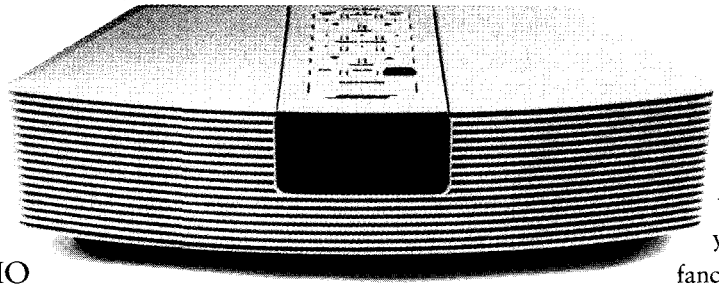

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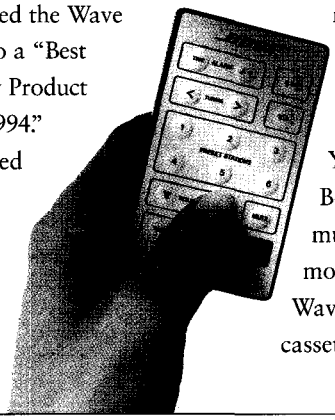

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FROM THE EDITOR

Against the Odds II

■ Almost all of this issue—including this column—was written, checked, proofread, and sent to the printers before election day. Only "Election Scene" and "The Week" were written in hindsight. Inevitably, therefore, the magazine bears the marks of conservative pessimism generated by opinion polls which still show a large Clinton lead.

In the closing days, that lead has seemed to be shrinking as a result of the rolling avalanche of Clinton scandals. The prospects now look good for the GOP's retaining Congress. But a Clinton victory still seems the likely outcome.

If I have been proved wrong by the time you read these words, I will happily eat this column. If I have been proved right, may I direct your attention to our special section on "How to Forget the Election," in which Bill Buckley recommends cigars, Bob Bork gives the recipe for the perfect martini, Bill Rusher advises you to head out to Bora Bora, and—such is some people's desperation—Alistair McAlpine and Anthony Daniels suggest northern Australia and Haiti respectively.

Politics is not, of course, everything. For those of a philosophical turn of mind, I pass on something that the distinguished economist Peter Bauer said last week: "If you want to be happy for a day, get drunk; for a month, get married; for a lifetime, take up gardening."

■ Even at this late stage, however, there is an air of unreality about Mr. Clinton's success, as if people cannot really believe that they are about to re-elect someone who is so steeped in scandals that he could say, like Macbeth, that "should I wade no more,/Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Not just Republicans but middle-of-the-road journalists like David Broder of the *Washington Post* speculate that a landslide could be followed fairly promptly by an impeachment.

It is as if the election were the end of the second act in a three-act melodrama in which Mr. Clinton is a rascally, debt-ridden, but shrewd fellow, not unlike Captain Renault in *Casablanca*, who has just announced his engagement to an heiress as the curtain falls.

But we all sense that in the third act his secret wife will turn up with evidence that it was he who forged his dead sister's will, her death certificate, and the prescription for poison. He is led away by the flatfoots—and even Johnnie Cochran refuses to take the case.

Indeed, my former colleague Joe Sobran telephoned to remind me that in the week of Mr. Clinton's inauguration I had said that we were not at the end of the Reagan–Bush years, but "at the midpoint of the Bush-Clinton years."

"I think you miscalculated by about six months," Joe concluded.

■ Alas, I would not be too sure that events will produce such a satisfying denouement. Underneath all the bonhomie, Mr. Clinton is much more ruthless than, say, Richard Nixon, because he is much more shameless.

A President who could give a speech calling for campaign-finance reform only days after his party's national committee was hiding its main fundraiser from the courts is well capable of destroying evidence and pardoning accomplices.

The only smoking gun in this set of scandals is likely to be the one found near the corpse of Vince Foster.

■ We will be announcing the winner of the competition for *NR*'s signature tune in our next issue. One reason for delay is that entries are still coming in—after the vice-presidential debate, "Hit the Road, Jack," received one or two endorsements. And our research staff is tracking down another late (but inviting) entry from Bob Kirk: "Keep on the Firing Line." Any recordings of it out there?

Stay, er, tuned.

■ Thought for the Day: "Socialism repeats itself—the first time as genocide, the second time as therapy."

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

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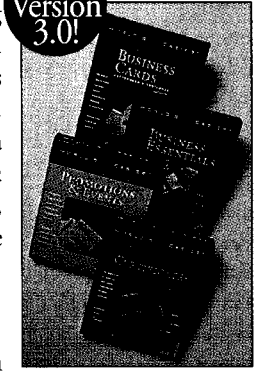

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Going out on a limb with predictions in last week before election: **Bill Kristol** tells the *Hill*, "I think the Democrats will retake the House and might retake the Senate. I don't think it's out of the question that **Gingrich** will have a very close race in his district." . . . **Tod Lindberg**, editorial-page editor of *Washington Times*: "Mr. **Clinton** beats Mr. **Dole** by 8 percentage points in the popular vote. Mr. Clinton collects 405 Electoral College votes to Mr. Dole's 133. Republicans pick up 3 seats in the Senate. The House is a wash." . . . Sen. **Al D'Amato** (R., N.Y.) predicts a 12-seat majority for Democrats in House to students at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, according to account in *New York Observer*. D'Amato also says Dole has been off-message because "candidates get bored," calls **Dick Armey** a "big bag of wind."

■ Of Dole's "non-stop" 96-hour push, National Public Radio's **Elizabeth Arnold** says, "Dole may not be able to articulate his message any more clearly with less sleep, nor is it likely the crowds will get any larger in the middle of the night." . . . **Jerome Zeifman**, chief counsel to the House Judiciary Committee during Watergate, writes in *Wall Street Journal* that "The misdeeds of the Clinton Administration have fallen into a pattern of deceit and corruption that now clearly justifies denying Mr. Clinton a second term in office." . . . *The Economist* tepidly endorses **Dole**. . . . A scorching **George Will** writes that **Jack Kemp**'s "campaign was a prolonged dance of narcissism. . . . Republicans should apologize to the country for proposing to put Kemp near the Presidency." . . . In Minnesota, *Faribault Daily News* endorses ultra-liberal Sen. **Paul Wellstone** (D., Minn.) to balance "far right conservatives in other states": "If that is Minnesota's cross to bear for the next six years, so be it." . . . In Colorado Senate race, **Gloria Steinem**, **Don Henley**, and **Robert Redford** campaign for Democrat **Tom Strickland**; Republican **Wayne Allard** draws **Charlton Heston**. Brags Allard manager **Dick Wadhams**: "We had **Moses**. What we lack in quantity we make up in quality." . . . The Left may have the celebrities, but Republicans have the athletes: Dole–Kemp '96 announces the support of over 150 Olympians and professional athletes. . . . Eyebrows are raised by *Washington Post* report that Republican National Committee gave **Grover Norquist**'s Americans for Tax Reform $2 million in October. . . . **Lawrence Hunter**, chief economist for Empower America: "The truth is, we are experiencing the slowest economic expansion in more than 100 years."

■ **Anita Hill**'s resignation from University of Oklahoma law school was accepted unanimously by the university's board of regents. . . . *Emerge* runs nasty cover caricature of **Clarence Thomas** under title, "Uncle Thomas: Lawn Jockey for the Far Right." . . . **Gary Webb**, author of discredited *San Jose Mercury News* series on Contra–CIA–drug connection, is undaunted. He now plans to "explore a theory" that the "Contra war was not a real war at all. It was a charade, a smoke screen . . . to provide cover for a massive drug operation" involving U.S. Government. . . . Two degrees of separation: **Gennifer Flowers**'s new husband, **Finis Shelnutt**, is a former brother-in-law of **Webster Hubbell**, imprisoned Clintonite. . . . Liberal Republicans in love: former Sen. **Howard Baker** (Tenn.) to wed retiring Sen. **Nancy Landon Kassebaum** (Kan.). . . . Personnel changes at the Philanthropy Roundtable, which works to nudge foundation world toward sanity: **John Walters**, head of New Citizenship Project, becomes president, and **Whitney Ball** of the Cato Institute becomes executive director.

"It doesn't matter *that you never got caught."*

■ Vatican foreign minister Archbishop **Jean-Louis Tauran** announced in Havana that Pope **John Paul II** would visit Cuba, after **Roger** Cardinal **Etchegaray** attacked U.S. economic embargo. **Fidel Castro** will visit Vatican later this month when he goes to a UN meeting in Rome. . . . **Preston Manning**, leader of Canada's Reform Party, comes out for a constitutional amendment banning abortion. . . . Pres. **Ernesto Zedillo** pushes through Mexico's most important electoral reform since Revolution, placing federal electoral commission outside president's control. Zedillo has urged his PRI (Institutional Revolutionary Party) to end practice of presidents' personally selecting successors. . . . On eve of **Warren Christopher**'s visit to China, Peking gives harsh 11-year prison sentence to ailing 27-year-old **Wang Dan**, a leader of the 1989 Tiananmen student demonstrations, despite European and American protests. . . . Former Brisbane restaurant owner **Pauline Hanson** stirs up hornets' nest in Australia by saying in maiden parliamentary speech, "We are in danger of being swamped by Asians." Aussies accepted about 100,000 immigrants last year, a quarter of them Asians. . . . India's former prime minister **P. V. Narasimha Rao** was indicted on charges of corruption, bribery, and forgery. **L. K. Advani**, head of Hindu revivalist opposition to Rao, faces similar charges next month. . . . **Sergei Semyonov**, 22, deputy chairman of Russian Duma's committee for women, family, and youth, says with birth rates falling and death rates rising, Russia is threatened with extinction unless men are allowed to have up to four wives.

■ **Star Parker**, head of L.A.-based Coalition on Urban Affairs, says, "The way liberal women are rallying to justify a vote for Bill Clinton kind of reminds me of the relationship a whore has with her pimp. She knows he's using her, but because he alludes to providing for her children, she'll tolerate the abuse." . . . Louisiana Senate candidates **Woody Jenkins** (R.) and **Mary Landrieu** (D.), during a debate, were asked whether they could say anything positive about each other. Quoth Jenkins: "She's attractive. . . . I love New Orleans. She's from New Orleans and that's good." Landrieu: "He's a smooth talker." . . . Sen. **Chris Dodd** (D., Conn.) on the **Don Imus** show, regarding the burdens of electioneering: "Eight more days and I can start telling you the truth again." Again?

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THE WEEK

■ Fifty-three per cent of smokers, according to polls, voted for Bill Clinton. It's a helluva way to quit.

■ Results from ballot initiatives around the country confirm the electorate's anti-government tilt. In nine states, voters approved congressional term limits; in two more the vote was too close to call at press time. Florida voters approved the toughest anti-tax initiative in the land, requiring a two-thirds vote of the people for any new tax. Nevada and South Dakota passed only slightly less stringent measures. (In Arizona, where such a super-majority law already exists, the legislature doesn't even bother to request new taxes.) Meanwhile, most of the Left's initiatives went down in flames. The trial lawyers lost their bid in California to overturn the federal law barring frivolous shareholder suits. Two separate initiatives to take over the California health-care system lost by 2 to 1. Big Green took a pounding too: a sugar tax to pay for Everglades clean-up, a ban on clear-cutting in Maine, and a bottle-tax proposal in Oregon all went down. One hopes the elected show as much common sense as the voters.

■ What do these people have in common: the Republican governors, Jack Kemp, Bob Torricelli, and Charles Rangel? They are all tipped in Jude Wanniski's post-election fax as "promising possibilities [of] optimism." FYI.

■ Republican giddiness over the possibility of President Clinton's being hobbled by scandal, and maybe even impeached, is understandable. But congressional Republicans, while investigating the Indogate affair (and other outstanding Clinton scandals), should keep in mind a few cautionary words. First, impeaching a President should not be foreseen with glee. While President Clinton may deserve his fate, the country does not deserve the upheaval that would attend his comeuppance. Nor is it certain that Kenneth Starr will indict the First Lady or that the President will be implicated in Indogate. To assume so is escapism: let scandals take care of Clinton, then the GOP won't have to decide how to beat a slippery Democrat who foils them at every turn. The GOP can't expect Kenneth Starr to do its work for it.

■ Still, the week was enlivened when John Huang, top Democratic Party fund-raiser, took it on the lam rather than answer questions. An eyewitness even saw a man of Mr. Huang's description sprinting out a back door of Democratic National Committee headquarters as U.S. marshals came in the front door with a subpoena. Hillary Rodham Clinton nonetheless managed to send a note to the fugitive saying, "We all support Mr. Huang." Nobody knew where he was, but Mr. Huang received that message. It is a miracle unless—*yes!*—Eleanor delivered it.

■ A desperate *New York Times*, trying to explain why the President's bad habits are reasons to vote for him: "Scandals present an opportunity in the second term for Bill Clinton to get back in touch with integrity and honesty." Why stop there? A series of axe murders in broad daylight would be reason to scrap the Twenty-Second Amendment and keep the guy till 2004.

■ As the campaign for the California Civil Rights Initiative came down the home stretch, the *Los Angeles Times* ran an article citing late writings of Martin Luther King in support of racial preferences. Charlton Heston, who had joined King's 1963 March on Washington, wrote a letter to the editor recalling that he had stood in the Senate gallery in 1964 as Hubert Humphrey argued for the Civil Rights Bill. Asked if it might lead to quotas and preferences, Humphrey vehemently denied it. "I can't know what was in Dr. King's heart," Heston concluded, "but Hubert Humphrey was a man of honor. The language of preference was not in the bill. That grew gradually over the next twenty years, under the monstrous bureaucracy that still fights to keep the injustice it has wrought." The *Times*, evidently pressed for space, did not run the letter.

■ The White House, pulling an old soap-opera trick, claims there was another John Huang (perhaps a long-lost amnesiac twin) making all those visits to the inner circle. Nice try, but two Huangs still don't make a right.

■ The Clinton Administration refused to come clean—

"It just got worse, sir. Um . . . it seems Hillary made $100,000 in the Indonesian cattle futures market."

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before the election—on its plans for the 35,000 U.S. troops in Bosnia. They would complete their peacekeeping mission in "about one year," the President promised the nation in a televised address on November 27, 1995. Now, the Administration is reportedly considering two options for an extended tour: 1) a "withdrawal" option, which actually involves sending 5,000 new GIs to cover the withdrawal of the 35,000 by March 1997, after which an air-assault brigade and fighter aircraft would remain nearby ("over the horizon") indefinitely; 2) a ground-force presence, smaller than the present one, to remain in Bosnia through late 1997 and possibly beyond. Defense Secretary Perry told Congress in October that no decision has been made. But the one option not likely to be chosen is what the President originally promised. Meanwhile, as the political provisions of the Dayton Accords unravel, American training and equipping of the Bosnians is stalled—another Clinton promise blowing in the wind. This is why the U.S. and NATO have to worry about using their troops to do what the Bosnians should be doing for themselves.

■ Jean-Bedel Bokassa, former self-styled Emperor of the Central African Republic, has passed on after a colorful career of murder, infanticide, and cannibalism, of a stroke, and that'll teach him to eat too many fatty political opponents.

■ Barbara Coe, a leader of the California Coalition for Immigration Reform and an architect of California's Proposition 187, is being threatened with legal action by the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund, California's Secretary of State, the Orange County Registrar's Office, and the U.S. Department of Justice. Miss Coe's offense? "Intimidating voters" by posting and distributing flyers stating the law: "Only Citizens Can Vote! Violators Will Be Prosecuted!" Opposing election fraud is now apparently a crime in California.

■ Under the 1990 Hate Crime Statistics Act, the FBI classifies victims of hate crimes by race, ethnicity, religion, and sexual orientation, but identifies perpetrators only by race. Hispanics, therefore, are recognized as victims, but not as perpetrators. Since most Hispanics are officially identified as "white," if a Hispanic attacks a black, it is typically counted as a white-on-black hate crime. Similarly, if a Hispanic attacks an Asian, it is a white-on-Asian hate crime. And if a Hispanic attacks a Hispanic, it is a white-on-Hispanic hate crime. No word yet on how the FBI classifies those who attack common sense, or the principle that all men are created *iguales*.

■ Public-school officials in Delaware have banned T-shirts with the legend, "God is good." Well, that is a bit strong. How about "God is pretty nice"?

So Long, Jack Kemp

Return to Central Casting.
Don't call us, we'll call you.
The script portrayed a bastard:
You gave us a McGoo.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Theirs to Lose

PERSPECTIVE is all. Compared to the way things looked at the end of October, the election results are surprisingly good for the GOP. Republicans kept both Houses of Congress and held Bill Clinton to below 50 per cent of the popular vote. No presidential landslide, no congressional wipe-out, and a very poor return on John Sweeney's $35 million. Compared to the prospects as of 18 months ago, however, the re-election of Bill Clinton by a solid majority is a letdown. It has the feeling of a brilliant conjuring trick in defiance of larger historical trends shown in the GOP's retention of the House in the face of a massive MediScare disinformation campaign and the GOP's gains in the Senate (which might have been more dramatic if close races had tipped the other way).

So the result leaves people with a "Morning After in America" feeling. Those voters who were either "concerned" about or "scared" by the prospect of a Clinton win outnumbered those who were "excited" or "optimistic" by 52 to 46 per cent. With GOP control of Congress, investigations into the Clinton scandals will proceed apace, with the likely result that the ranks of the "concerned" and "scared" will increase. In these circumstances, 1996 looks like a decision to defer full realignment and absorb the political changes of the last two years before moving on again.

Why this deferment? Put simply, the President, like most incumbents, was the beneficiary of the "Bush recovery," an upward swing in the trade cycle that he inherited from his predecessor and which Alan Greenspan nurtured. Mr. Clinton and Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin deserve some of the credit—but so does the 1994 Republican Congress, which forced the Administration to accept a balanced budget (at least in theory) and soothed the markets. Against this economic background, Mr. Dole's claim that the economy was in the tank sounded sour and shrill. So the Dole–Kemp campaign faced an uphill struggle from the start.

Nonetheless, there were attitudes in the electorate which the GOP could have played on more successfully than it did. Exit polls showed that 52 per cent of the voters thought the Federal Government should do less, with only 42 per cent wanting it to do more. Fifty-four per

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cent rejected the idea, incessantly bruited by the media, that the Republican Congress was too conservative. And natural Republican issues like crime, educational standards, and the deficit were rated as important by the voters—but benefited Mr. Clinton.

Two things happened. The President waged a brilliantly unscrupulous campaign, stealing Republican issues, striking conservative attitudes, and courageously endorsing such moves as school uniforms and teenage curfews. The GOP allowed him to play both sides of the street on bigger issues, signing bills to curb welfare and illegal immigration, while assuring his own base that he would fix them later. Dick Morris celebrated the success of this strategy on several post-election talk shows.

By contrast the Republicans ran an inept, unfocused, and timid campaign. It began in San Diego with a convention produced by Oprah Winfrey. It continued with too exclusive an emphasis on the 15 per cent tax cut. Cutting taxes—to restrain government as much as to empower people—is a key element in any Republican program. But when rates are much lower than their late-1970s high, and when the economy is much stronger than in its late-1970s stagflationary low, tax cuts inevitably have a less dramatic appeal.

The social issues—above all, partial-birth abortion—which especially concern Catholics and the "Reagan Democrats," were never seriously addressed. In particular, opportunities to raise them seriously in the debates were thrown away. Opposition to "gay marriage," which is the opinion of two-thirds of Americans, was so furtive that Bill Clinton was able to steal the issue, signing the Defense of Marriage Act late at night but boasting about it on Christian radio stations.

The Cornucopia Illusion

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Disgorging goodies for
The indigent and middle class.
It has no basement floor,
But escalators never pause—
The last time Grandma looked.
It's Washington's transfer machine,
And Mr. Clinton's hooked.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Mr. Dole's Defeat

Early November is a busy time for journalists. So in the spirit of charity, we've decided to save the New York Times *the trouble of composing a post-election editorial on the Republican Party.*

TUESDAY'S elections bring to an end a distinguished, 35-year record of public service by Bob Dole. It is generally a record for which the nation owes him thanks. Though Mr. Dole could be a feisty partisan, his appreciation of the subtleties of governing far exceeded that of his intemperate younger colleagues in the GOP. Compromise and bipartisanship were not for him the dirty words they became for the Gingrich Republicans. As a senator from Kansas, he demonstrated leadership on issues from food stamps to the needs of the disabled to deficit reduction. He was an authentic conservative, wary of large-scale reforms but also mindful of the importance of protecting the most vulnerable members of our community.

It was his misfortune to be at the head of a party that has in recent years repudiated that tradition by veering toward its extremist wing. To win the primaries, Mr. Dole had to court theocratic activists and free-market utopians. By then, he seemed to have lost his bearings. Even after the primaries, he continued to listen to the right-wing voices in his party. Supply-side fantasists convinced him to abandon a lifetime of fiscal rectitude for a massive tax cut. Dole's career-long support for affirmative action was also thrown by the wayside in an attempt to exploit racial division in California. In the campaign's lowest moment, a desperate Bob Dole began to charge that "liberal media bias"—even at this newspaper—might affect the outcome of the election, a tired old saw that even archconservative William Kristol calls dubious.

The result was a presidential campaign that pandered to the far Right but alienated the American people. Neither affirmative action nor a certain rare type of abortion procedure aroused the opposition Republican strategists hoped they would. Dole was further dragged down by a Republican Congress with an image of harshness and callousness. While Republicans skillfully used the benefits of incumbency to win re-election, the truest measure of public attitudes toward the slash-and-burn Republican agenda was the resounding defeat of the candidate who promised to take the "revolution" to the White House.

What next for the Republicans? Conservative analyst Kevin Phillips advises Republicans to recognize that "the bubble of Reaganomics has finally burst, and nobody believes in supply-side magic any more." But Republicans will need to go further than that if they are to address their gender gap. American women will not support a party that seeks to restrict their most fundamental rights and overrule their most personal decisions. Republicans must choose between intolerance and moderation.

At the same time, Republicans have an opening to criticize the Democrats on two issues. Bob Dole's campaign did succeed in exposing the urgency of campaign-finance reform. And on economics, Republicans can make the case that under the Democrats the have-nots have not fared well in this expansion. The most important question for Republicans now, though, is whether they can work constructively with President Clinton and move back to the political center.

—RAMESH PONNURU

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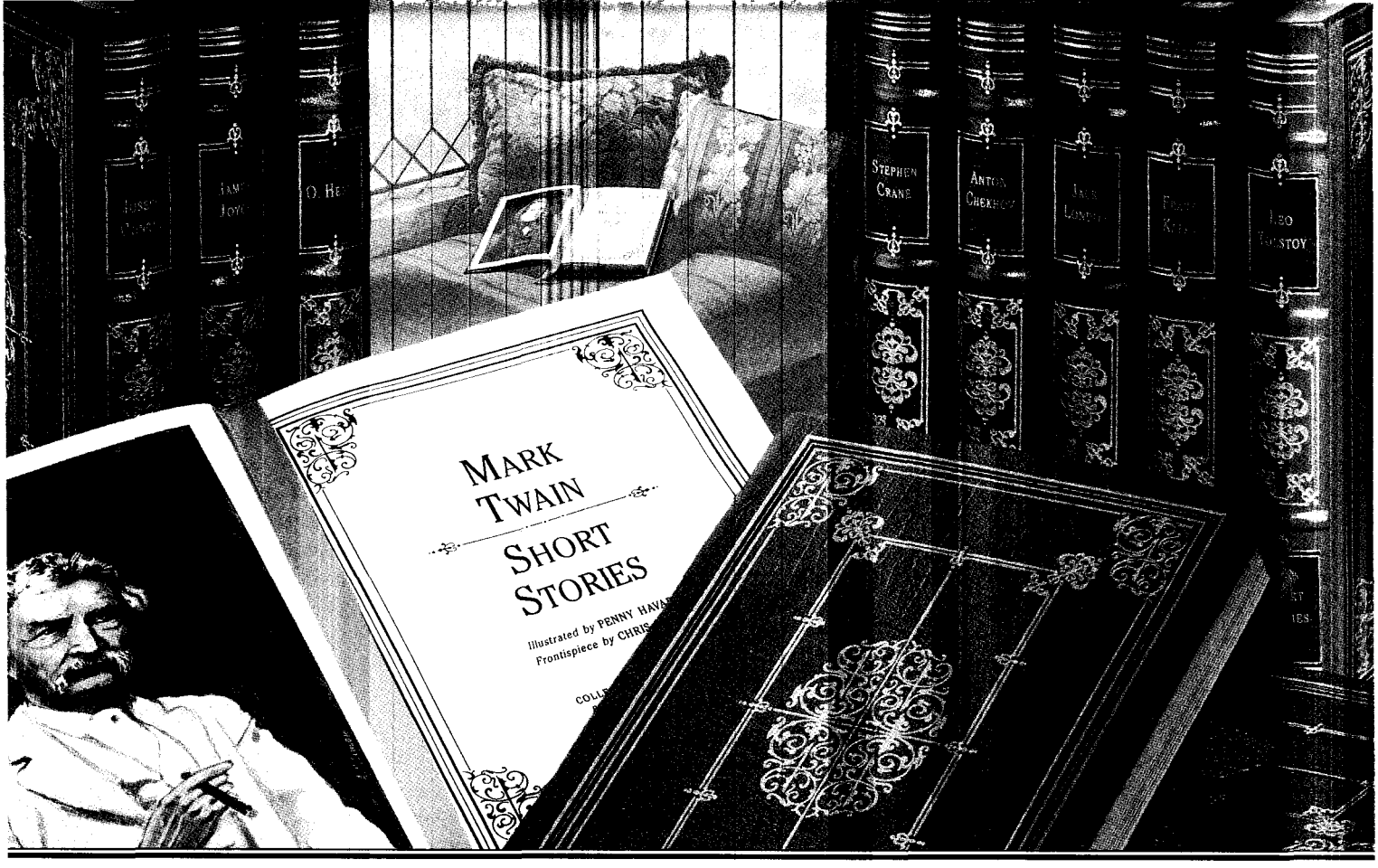

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Then, in the final weeks, Bob Dole adopted a California strategy, campaigning against affirmative-action quotas and immigration overload. In effect, electoral necessity finally persuaded the Dole–Kemp team to do too late in the day what they should have done from San Diego on. They could have made these national issues against the Democrats. As it was, the California Civil Rights Initiative won by 2 to 1; Bill Clinton carried the state.

Aggravating all these strategic faults were the Republican candidates themselves. Despite their fine personal qualities and the gallantry of their final push, neither Bob Dole nor Jack Kemp proved able to articulate a clear, appealing, and credible message.

As a result, Republicans saw several cohorts of the Reagan coalition depart. The much-touted gender gap finally hurt the GOP—but not as liberals argue. Women voted for Clinton over Dole by 54 to 37 per cent, but this disparity has recently been common. It is usually offset by men voting Republican by similar or greater margins. This year, Clinton split the male vote 44 to 44 per cent.

The same thing happened with the so-called "marriage gap." Single people went heavily for the Democrats—57 to 31 per cent—as in other recent elections. Usually, however, the GOP wins handsomely in the much larger "married" category. This year, the marrieds split absolutely evenly between Clinton and Dole.

Catholics in recent elections have voted heavily for the GOP, providing the majority of Nixon and Reagan Democrats. This year Catholics (54 per cent) joined Jews (80 per cent) and people of other religions (60 per cent) and no religion (59 per cent) in voting for Bill Clinton. Only Protestants (49 per cent) and the self-described white Religious Right (65 per cent) remained faithful to Bob Dole, and even here Elmer Gantry took 42 and 26 per cent respectively.

As for young voters, whom Ronald Reagan brought into the GOP, the figures show a hemorrhaging to Clinton (53 per cent) and Perot (11 per cent—his best showing in any age group). But the most striking indication of the GOP's failure to rally its natural supporters is that Bill Clinton split frequent talk-radio listeners with Bob Dole 46 to 45 per cent, and Dole got a bare 51 per cent of gun owners, compared to Clinton's 39 per cent.

Was there any compensating gain from natural Democratic constituencies? Apparently not. Dole–Kemp won the usual 12 per cent of black voters and 21 per cent of Hispanics. The only modest success of Big Tent politics was that 24 per cent of "gay, lesbian, and bisexual" voters crossed over—but that is 24 per cent of a tiny percentage of the electorate.

The election of 1996 was an anomaly: a battle in which natural Republican territory was seized early on by the Democrats and defended against a series of weak and spasmodic Republican thrusts. An observer who had no previous knowledge of the presidential candidates might very well have concluded that Clinton was the more conservative of the two. He wasn't, of course, but the Republicans had the burden of explaining why not.

The Shape of Things to Come

HUNDREDS of thousands of dollars in apparently illegal, **laundered foreign contributions** to the Democratic Party from a wealthy Indonesian banking family with close, long-time ties to the President. . . . **Whitewater** (including charges from the independent Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation that Hillary Clinton helped a former client **rip off depositors and taxpayers** for $300,000; White House and Treasury Department efforts to **impede investigators** of the Resolution Trust Corporation from presenting evidence of wrongdoing to the Justice Department; the premature destruction of virtually all of Mrs. Clinton's **Rose Law Firm billing records** relating to Whitewater; the **mysterious appearance** in the White House residence of one remaining set of billing records years after it was subpoenaed by federal investigators; sworn allegations from a former municipal judge that then-Governor Clinton pressured him to secure an illegal $300,000 **loan** to help cash-strapped Whitewater). . . . The illegal collection of nearly 1,000 **confidential FBI files**, most of which contain information on former Reagan–Bush officials, by a Clinton campaign operative turned White House security chief whom no one remembers hiring. . . . The firing of seven career **White House Travel Office** staffers at the direction of Mrs. Clinton and the use of the FBI, the Justice Department, and perhaps the IRS to investigate the former employees and unsuccessfully prosecute the former head of that office. . . . Independent-counsel investigations of HUD Secretary **Henry Cisneros**, former Agriculture Secretary **Mike Espy**, and former presidential adviser **David Watkins**. . . . The White House's obstruction of the Justice Department's effort to search **Vince Foster's office** after his death. . . . The **illegal use of White House lawyers**—i.e., taxpayer-financed government lawyers—to assist the Clintons' personal team of defense lawyers. . . . The President's specious claims of **executive privilege** and **attorney-client privilege**. . . . Deputy Chief of Staff Harold Ickes's ties to union figures linked to **racketeering**. . . . George Stephanopoulos's apparent **sweetheart mortgage loan** from NationsBank. . . . The **illegal secret meetings** of the First Lady's **health care task force** (Federal Judge Royce Lamberth is still considering sanctions against Administration officials for possible misconduct). . . . Bill Clinton's bogus claim of "civil immunity" to delay and avoid the **Paula Jones sexual-harassment lawsuit**. . . . Hillary Clinton's still-unexplained killing in the **cattle futures** market, where she made a $100,000 profit on a $1,000 investment in less than a year with the help of Tyson Foods lawyer James Blair. . . . And the Democratic National Committee's use of the Small Business Administration for **improper campaign activity**.

—Mark R. Levin

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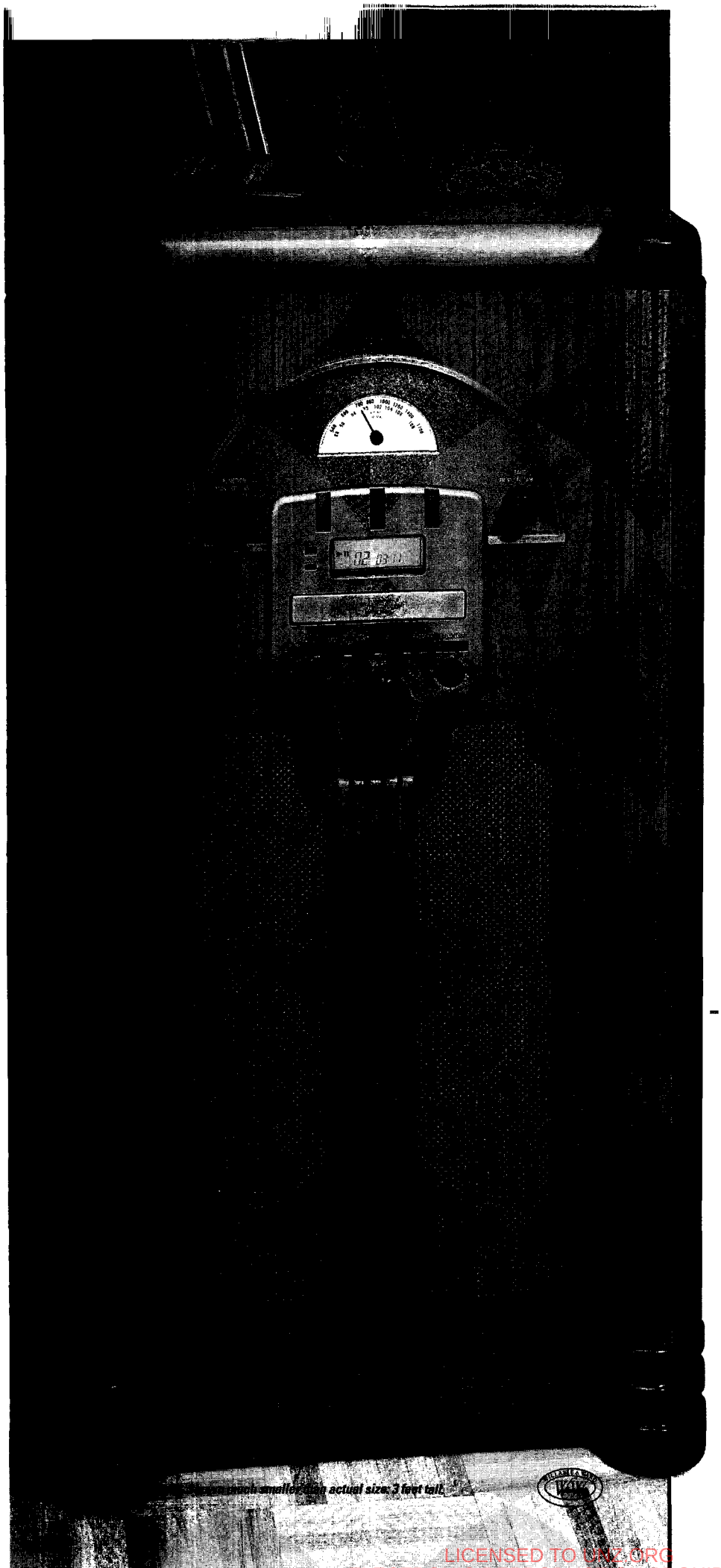

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Establishment commentators have already decreed the lessons of this election: moderate persons of all parties should compromise in the common interest. That would be in effect a gradual surrender to creeping Clintonism. What is needed, rather, is a principled resistance to the Fabian strategy of liberalism by degrees that this President has pioneered. Kate O'Beirne, giving a personal view not shared by all her *NR* colleagues, argues that this can best be accomplished if Newt Gingrich chooses his moment of triumph to surrender the Speakership. Whether under abrasive or mollifying leadership, however, Republicans must not be afraid to make their case to the American people.

Clinton's Latest

ONCE again, Bill Clinton was saved by the complexity of his scandals. If he had done four wrong things, he would have lost to Bob Dole. Since he has done dozens, he rolls on.

John Huang is the Indonesian businessman who worked at the Commerce Department, then at the Democratic National Committee (to the extent they can be distinguished). He has raised pots of money for the Democratic Party abroad, which in itself is legal. But some of his individual scores may not have been. Nearly half a million dollars came from a gardener and his wife, who have decamped to Indonesia. A Huang fund-raiser at the Hay Adams hotel seems to have wrung thousands out of Asian-American folk who live in broken-down Beltway-area homes. Huang also helped set up the fund-raiser at the Buddhist temple in California where Al Gore got boodle from monks and nuns who had taken vows of poverty (the leaders of the temple are overseas).

Two other operatives, Mark Middleton and James Wood, are accused of beating the bushes in Taiwan. Middleton had a White House phone number, though he didn't work there. Wood worked for the State Department, so therefore should not have been raising money.

It didn't all go to the Democratic Party. Clinton chum Webster Hubbell got $250,000 from Huang's Indonesian firm. Craig Livingstone, collector of FBI files, will not say where his legal expenses are coming from.

Bill Clinton kept mum for weeks, then finally said on election eve that "we have played by the rules." By his rules, certainly. Ross Perot joked that the names in the Asian money story were not American. Wrong—Clinton is a surname that goes back to the Revolution.

They Just Don't Get It

IN January, the Supreme Court will decide whether President Clinton's election will allow him to hide from Paula Jones for four more years—or until he leaves office. But whether or not it comes to trial immediately, this case is not going away. In the November issue of *The American Lawyer*, one-time Clinton supporter Stuart Taylor compares Paula Jones's case with that of Anita Hill. Paula Jones has accused the President of summoning her to his hotel room and there pressuring her for sexual relations. Mrs. Jones's allegations are supported by numerous accounts, including those of two friends, in whom she confided minutes after the event, as well as of two sisters, her husband, and her mother. Taylor concludes there is "clear and convincing proof of Jones's allegation that then-governor Clinton sent a state trooper to interrupt the 24-year old state employee's performance of her job and bring her to his hotel room." Furthermore, the "evidence—and the absence of any other plausible explanation—strongly supports Jones's allegation that the purpose of this exercise was to give Clinton an opportu-

The Week in Verse

Haggard and hoarse and yet still in the hole,
The hope of beating *Clinton* wasn't *Dole*,
Whom battle's tide left early to his fate:
Retirement in the comfy *Watergate*.
His message off, charisma not quite on,
At least he won his self-set marathon,
And, as he puffed through that last grueling lap,
Was swallowed by a yawning *Gender Gap*.

Yet on the field the rear guard still fought on,
And, lo! brave *Hagel*, *Sessions*, *Hutchinson*
Performed the day's most legendary feats
As, dropping *Democrats*, they picked up seats,
Of battle honors yet reserved a part,
And gave their hard-pressed brethren new heart.
See how the doughty *Gramm* his foe o'erwhelms,
Like mighty *Smith*, *Domenici*, and *Helms*,
McConnell, *Thompson*, *Inhofe* turn the corner;
Cochran beats *Hunt* and *Warner* smashes *Warner*.
E'en aged *Strom* the opposition mauls—
But hapless *Pressler*, 'mongst incumbents, falls.

Yet hard it is, e'en in their glorious hour,
To bear the carnage of our youthful flower;
Alas that *Zimmer*, *Millner*, *Salvi*, *Weld*
Came near, but saw the prize at last withheld.
And what a grievous loss did *Boschwitz* own
To fall a second time to fell *Wellstone*!
Still *Enzi*, *Allard*, *Collins*, and *Brownback*
Ensure the *GOP* remains on track;
They hold the *Senate* as they hold their states,
And hold up *Bill* while it investigates.
Likewise, for all that's lost or in dispute,
The *House*, it seems, will still be led by *Newt*.
Not all those *Union* dollars, morphing ads
Could bring success to *Democrat* jihads.
A *Doleful* loss has brought with it much woe,
But consolation in the *Status Quo*.

—JUVENAL

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Just How Important Is the U.S.-Japan Relationship?

Very. The U.S. and Japan, of course, are different cultures. But it's what we have in common—above all, an abiding belief in democracy and the free market—rather than what makes us different that has provided the basis for indispensable ties and far-reaching cooperation between our two countries. Some specifics:

- The U.S. and Japan account for 40% of the world's total economic output, so economic relations naturally assume great importance.

- Japan is the biggest overseas customer of the U.S. and the U.S. is Japan's biggest customer—after Canada—with two-way trade approaching $200 billion annually.

- Business alliances between American and Japanese companies, growing at a rapid pace, are creating jobs and sparking new technologies in both countries, and are contributing to prosperity around the world.

But the U.S.-Japan relationship is much more than trade and economics. On a people-to-people basis, tourism, educational exchanges, and a long-standing interest in each other's culture tie us together. On a global level, our nations have forged effective bilateral relationships to promote health, protect the environment, advance science and technology, and combat the scourge of narcotics.

Finally, the U.S.-Japan alliance has, over the years, broadened and strengthened our ability to promote stability throughout the Asian region. The depth and breadth of these bilateral ties is a source of strength and optimism for the future—not only for our two nations, but for much of the world.

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nity to make some kind of sexual overture. And that seems pretty shabby . . . shabbier than anything Clarence Thomas was ever even accused of doing."

Despite the fact that the President has already spent $2 million defending himself against the Jones suit, the press has displayed a marked lack of interest in it. Taylor reports that Lynne Bernabei, a sexual-harassment lawyer in Washington, said on CNN, "From a legal perspective, it seems like the worst [Mrs. Jones] describes is womanizing, unwelcomed sexual advances, which may be morally or otherwise politically repugnant, but is simply not illegal." This is plainly a false account of the law. But, in addition, contrast it with the "they just don't get it" mantra which reverberated from the Thomas hearings. How to explain the difference? Writes Taylor, "I think that the political orientations of most reporters, editors, and producers are at work here."

Nevertheless, while the press may continue to hear, see, and say no evil here, the Jones suit is coming. And the evidence suggests that Bill Clinton and the press may not be able to hide much longer.

Buchananites Abroad

TWO elections, at opposite ends of the world, highlight a threat to American conservatism far more durable than Bill Clinton. In New Zealand the conservative National Party lost its overall majority and New Zealand First, a new party led by a former cabinet minister expelled from the NP, won 13 per cent of the vote. It now holds the balance of power in a fragmented parliament. In Austria's election to the European Parliament, the far-right Freedom Party won almost as many votes as the two major parties, thereby depriving the conservatives of a landslide. In both countries the insurgents combine protectionism, opposition to immigration, and strong support from blue-collar workers (the Freedom Party won half of the working-class vote).

This trend is not wholly new. For a generation, blue-collar workers who cling to patriotism and traditional morality, have been moving rightward all over the Western world—counterbalanced by the leftward drift of an affluent New Class shaped by feminism and liberal morality. Bob Dole lost in large part because he threw away the support of "Reagan Democrats" by ignoring their cultural concerns and by snubbing Pat Buchanan, the one Republican who this year reached out to them. And if the GOP continues to freeze them out, they will go elsewhere. The long-term result will be a Buchananite third party, not large enough to win but large enough to make the GOP a permanent minority.

If this is to be averted, blue-collar workers need comfort in the face of unsettling economic change. Protectionism is no answer. It merely ensures that such change will be delayed at the cost of being more convulsive and damaging when it finally bursts through. Alone, moreover, it is not a vote-winner. Permanently high levels of immigration are a different matter. They undercut low-paid workers economically, and, by loosening the cultural bonds of nationhood, they weaken an important source of social stability and psychological reassurance in hard times. Not surprisingly, reasonable control of immigration is a proven vote-getter. It is no coincidence that conservative parties which enjoy broad support, including blue-collar workers, are those, like the British Tories, which combine free trade with immigration control.

Some GOP theorists take a relaxed view of all this, persuading themselves that the Buchananites and their foreign counterparts are "losers," the victims of a globalization that will eventually make us richer. Even if this were not a repellent way of thinking about other Americans, it would still fall before the hard-headed electoral calculation that "losers" have votes too. And parties that reject them become losers in their turn.

Diana Trilling, RIP

DIANA Trilling was one of the very last survivors of the group known as the New York intellectuals. When she died at 91, she had long felt lonely because that intense environment had disappeared; yet she had soldiered on, with a book in the works even now in her old apartment near Columbia, where she had lived with her husband, Lionel Trilling.

The New York intellectuals, maybe fifty people, were mostly but by no means all Jewish. They lived and fought with each other in an intellectual pressure-cooker. They emerged during the 1930s, tied in various ways to the Communist Party, against which they soon rebelled, all of them heroically choosing modernism in the arts and cultural cosmopolitanism over Stalinist rigidities. Most became fierce anti-Communists, and among the fiercest and most principled was Diana Trilling.

The New York intellectuals lived in a special cultural milieu: Stalin, Joyce, the Russian Revolution, T. S. Eliot, Meyer Schapiro, Freud, Trotsky, James Burnham, Clement Greenberg, Hitler, Picasso, Lionel Trilling, Delmore Schwartz, Spain, abstract expressionism, everyone talking and shouting at the same time, honesty and madness, essays, books, catastrophes, City College, Columbia, NYU, the Village. Today, their heirs are widely dispersed.

At the center of Lionel Trilling's only novel, *The Middle of the Journey*, was Whittaker Chambers, a Columbia man and a spy. Chambers had tried to recruit Diana for Soviet espionage. In her memoir, *The Beginning of the Journey*, she candidly reports that she was proud to be asked, and although she refused, such was the tug of heroic revolutionism that she never phoned the FBI.

Diana Trilling loathed the general sloppiness of the 1960s, which won her an insult from no less than Robert Lowell. Yet, like the mythical Diana, when she strung her bow she could wound.

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She surely knew that her most lasting accomplishment would be *The Beginning of the Journey*, its title derived from Lionel's novel, about her life with a man somewhat brushed by genius but apparently very difficult, a touching, poignant, puzzled memoir. In private, she was less tough than she seemed, vulnerable even. She missed that lost world of the New York intellectuals, those "significant contentions," that pressure-cooker, when everything seemed to matter so much. *Une femme sérieuse*, lonely, still writing, almost blind, she died at 91. —JEFFREY HART

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: WFB
From: McF

Dear Bill, Somebody sent me the Yale College supplement, which lists two college seminars, taught by Lowell Weicker—and you! Very fraternal. When he can't make his class, you no doubt will volunteer to substitute.

CYSC 310a (23210), LEADERSHIP IN POLITICS OF GOVERNING, Lowell P. Weicker Jr. M 2:30-4:20. Not CR/D/F III(0). Explores how a commitment to public service by those in positions of governmental leadership in the United States can prevail despite the current emphasis on a politics of electability. Seminar discussion will investigate how those who lead American society might better address such contemporary issues and chronic problems as health care, housing, education, and economic development. Focus will be on proposing leadership strategies for campaigning and governing. Class attendance required. No credit to the major in Political Science. Open to Junior and Seniors only.

CSYC 311a (23211), ENGLISH COMPOSITION WORKSHOP, William F. Buckley Jr., M 3:30-5:20 Not CR/D/F I(0). Offers students aspiring to careers in writing or editing an opportunity to study the construction of the English sentence. Students will be required to compose brief essays, editorials, portraits, impressions, and submit them in a prescribed format on computer diskette in advance of class. During each class, the instructor will project paragraphs from these compositions onto a screen and will comment on and edit them on screen to illustrate means of improving writing skills. Students will be asked to edit samples of one another's work between class meetings. Class attendance required. No credit to the major in English. Open to Juniors and Seniors only.

■ *J. Daniel Mahoney, co-founder of the Conservative Party of New York, and counsel to the Board of Directors of National Review, Inc., until he was appointed to the Court of Appeals in 1986, died at his home in Connecticut of a cerebral hemorrhage at age 65. Following is the eulogy given by WFB at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, New York City, October 28.*

We heard the news in shock and in sorrow. Because most of us here seek as a matter of faith to reconcile even the most awful tidings with the will of God, we sought first explanations, but none were evident; and then some sign of light. There is one such, of course, though it requires great feats of the imagination to take us up to a perspective distant enough to take satisfaction from it. I did, at one point after Kathleen called me, think back on my seven-year-old niece who grabbed me as, in order to attend a wedding the next day, I approached my sister's house in Virginia. "Uncle Bill, Uncle Bill," little Priscilla said. She spoke excitedly of her ancient great-aunt Miriam, who had traveled all the way from Omaha to attend the wedding and had been housed in the local motel. "Do you know what happened to Aunt Miriam this morning? She woke up dead!"

It is only the prospect of Dan Mahoney immobilized that forces from us any gratitude for the gathering today. I was very wrong in an offhand prediction I made 15 years ago at a testimonial dinner for Dan sponsored by the Conservative Party, and featuring as the keynote speaker Vice President George Bush.

That night I said, "It will be many years after I have myself departed from this vale of tears before he does so, but I hope he will leave his physical remains to the Smithsonian Institute, certainly in his case a tax-deductible bequest of considerable value, because there cannot be anyone else in the world with greater physical stamina." . . . How wrong I was. "He rises early in the morning; attends Mass; reports punctually to his office; disposes of myriad problems, political, legal, economic, and personal; attends a political banquet in the evening; and then returns home to procreate more Mahoneys. It is true that in order to maintain this regimen he has had to develop unusual skills. One of these we call the Mahoney Catnap. I hope the people down at the Smithsonian will inquire into just how this is possible. I have seen it happen to him with a tall glass in his hand, filled to the rim with the best Planter's Punch—he will fall sound asleep and reawaken in four minutes without spilling a drop. If you find this hard to believe, I can add the truly miraculous dimension: He has even managed to fall asleep while *I* am talking."

He was of course a deeply serious man, undeviating in his concerns for God, family, and country. Several in this church today know the extent of their obligations to him, but no one's outside his family's exceeds my own, as a political consultant, as my lawyer, and above all as an abiding friend. He has now done his best to make miserable his wife, Kathleen, though in that dark moment last Wednesday when she called, she told me that Dan would be leaving her with the great strategic comfort of indifference to any prolonged stay on earth, given that this could only mean putting off the day of their reunion. Yes, he has left us very sad, but also deeply indebted, in a world lonelier without him, but better because of him. There isn't anything more we can insist upon. The rest is in the hands of God, to whom we commend His fine creation, grateful for the time we were given to spend in his company.

—WFB

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ELECTION SCENE

Clinton's Crowning Victory

RAMESH PONNURU, RICH LOWRY, & KATE O'BEIRNE

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

AT HALF past nine on election night, the Dole campaign conceded defeat. "Bob Dole has completed his last political mission with courage and honor," said press secretary Nelson Warfield in a press release. Half an hour later, Warfield was backtracking in another release marked "URGENT": "Due to an error, a statement from the Dole campaign was prematurely released to some news outlets this evening. The fact is Bob Dole has conceded nothing." An hour or so later, the campaign conceded that its original concession was correct.

It was a fitting end for a campaign that rarely made a tactical move without protracted bouts of public agonizing, oftentimes only to reverse field again within a few weeks or even hours. Attack or take the "high road"? Contest California or not? Pound home the tax-cut message or abandon it? The Dole campaign never had the same answer for long, and so it's little wonder that in the final hours it couldn't even decide whether or not it had lost. The election just couldn't end without one more Dole campaign fiasco.

It was a status-quo end to a status-quo campaign. If the Dole camp thought it may have conceded too early, other Republicans had been ready to throw in the towel months before. Dole never was able to gain a foothold against his agile opponent. The ads, initiatives, and campaign trips of the last three months did little to alter the basic shape of the race. Nor have they changed the State of the Union. The White House remains Democratic, the Congress Republican. Even the line-up of states in the Electoral College remains essentially the same as in the Bush–Clinton election of 1992. It was an incumbents' night.

The last two years have featured a continued tug-of-war over the proper role of government in American life. The liberal vision of a government growing by leaps and bounds has been, it can by now be confidently stated, firmly repudiated; but the conservative vision of a relimited government has not been fully accepted by the public. The 1996 elections were widely expected to resolve the issue for the next decade. Instead the voters left matters unsettled. Not that the candidates did much to help them decide. The Democrats all talked about their support of the balanced budget; the Republicans boasted of increasing spending on Medicare.

It was Clinton's good fortune to run for re-election in a generally satisfied country. As one would expect, those who thought the economy was "good" or "excellent" went heavily for the incumbent, while those who viewed it as "not good" or "poor" opted for the challenger. Unfortunately for Dole, there were more of the former (56 per cent) than the latter (42 per cent). Similarly, the 53 per cent of voters who think the country is headed in the right direction strongly favored Clinton while the 43 per cent who worried that it is on the wrong track broke, albeit less heavily, for Dole.

Even if circumstances had been more propitious for a Republican presidential candidate, Bob Dole's liabilities would have made him a tough sell. In a fit of overconfidence, the *Wall Street Journal* once editorialized that any Republican who didn't drool could probably beat Bill Clinton. It turns out that voters demanded more than that, like a candidate who could complete a sentence. Not only did Dole garble his arguments and baffle his audiences with references to Beltway arcana, when he did manage to make a point he would often undercut it with self-deprecatory irony.

NO wonder voters concluded that this difficult, remote figure didn't understand their problems or have a vision for the future: 51 per cent of voters doubted that Dole understood their problems; only 12 per cent of those who thought "vision" the most important quality in a candidate voted for Dole; 56 per cent of voters said Dole hadn't given them a reason to vote for him. And then there was Dole's age. Most voters (64 per cent) professed not to be concerned by Dole's age, but the minority that thought it would affect his performance gave a whopping 79 per cent of their votes to Clinton. If their votes had been excluded, Dole would have won the election.

But the most important factor was that Dole drove away the Republican base. From the outset conservatives had, at best, little enthusiasm for the senior senator from Kansas. Yet instead of trying to woo them, once the primaries were over the campaign went out of its way to offend them, seemingly confusing this accomplishment with winning over swing voters. The combination of an unattractive messenger and a misbegotten message kept Dole from taking votes that should have been his.

Thirteen per cent of the voters who selected George Bush in 1992 defected to Clinton this year. So did 20 per cent of self-identified conservatives and 26 per cent of the "white Religious Right." Dole only tied among married people, and Clinton actually took a plurality of

Mr. Ponnuru is NR*'s national reporter. Mr. Lowry is* NR*'s national political reporter. Mrs. O'Beirne is* NR*'s Washington editor.*

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parents of minors. As for the notion—sure to be bruited about as frequently after the election as before—that an unpopular Congress dragged Dole down, it's worth noting that 16 per cent of voters who approved of the Republican Congress left Dole in the lurch. This shouldn't have been a surprise: during the campaign Dole consistently polled below congressional candidates, the Congress as a whole, and the Republican Party.

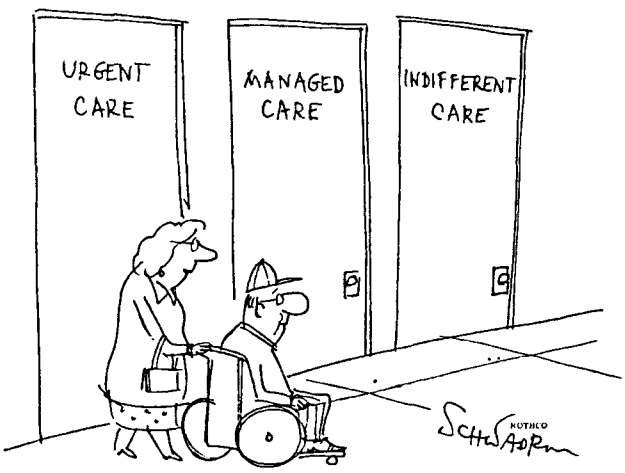
The crowning victory of Clinton's career is hardly a resounding affirmation of his Presidency

Other Republicans were able to appeal to the party's base and fashion winning coalitions. Phil Gramm, no ideological wallflower, ran 6 points ahead of Dole in Texas. Conservative Tim Hutchinson was able to win election to the Senate in President Clinton's home turf of Arkansas, running 15 points ahead of Dole. A number of Senate candidates who lost probably would have won without the Dole drag. Dole lost Louisiana by 13 points; Woody Jenkins lost the chance to become the Senate's most conservative member in a squeaker.

Indeed, Dole probably hurt his side more than Clinton helped his. The crowning victory of Clinton's career is hardly a resounding affirmation of his Presidency. He is the first President since Woodrow Wilson to win two consecutive elections with a minority of the vote. Most Americans continue to harbor serious reservations about the President's character: 52 per cent said they were "concerned" or "scared" about the prospect of a Clinton victory; 54 per cent consider him untrustworthy or dishonest; 59 per cent doubt that he has told the truth about Whitewater. Dole won heavily among the minority of voters who listed a candidate's "character" as more important than his stands on issues. Despite Clinton's constant calls for national unity, he is a deeply divisive figure: most of the people who voted for him think he tells the truth, but an incredible 91 per cent of Dole supporters put him in the "dishonest/untrustworthy" category. A smaller slice of voters (18 per cent), which might be dubbed the "character swing vote," voted for Clinton despite their distrust.

Given these ambivalent attitudes toward Clinton it's not surprising that no Democratic sweep materialized despite Clinton's Electoral College sweep. This year saw no partisan tide for the Democrats of the kind that brought Republicans to power in Congress in 1994, no public yearning for a return to a united and purposeful Democratic government. Crucial in stemming any nationwide Democratic resurgence in the campaign's final days were ads bought by the National Republican Campaign Committee warning of the dangers of a "blank check" for President Clinton that would allow him to return to his tax-and-spend ways. Republican candidates took similar tacks in their individual races, tagging their opponents as "liberals" and trying to associate them with the Democratic majorities of old.

IT was really a two-pronged effort. As Republican candidates hardened the perception of their opponents' ideological edges they sought to soften their own. Even an aggressive conservative like Tim Hutchinson spoke proudly of his vote for the minimum wage. The universal refrain of Republicans from coast to coast was that they had *increased* spending for education, for student loans, for environmental programs, and of course, for school lunches. Leader of the revolution Newt Gingrich demonstrated the method himself when he cut an ad attacking his opponent, cookie maker Michael Coles, for paying some workers only the minimum wage. (Make that the cookie monster.)



Democrats hoped, of course, to make Gingrich the focus of every race in the country. That strategy clearly failed. The public's hostility to Gingrich is personal, not ideological. Republicans could thus inoculate themselves from the charge of being Gingrich clones simply by convincing voters that they were nice guys with the best interests of their districts at heart; they didn't have to dissociate themselves from the substance of the Republican revolution. In only one House race did the nuke-Newt strategy clearly draw blood: the surprisingly tough run liberal Republican Nancy Johnson had in her usually safe Connecticut district. At press time Rep. Johnson's race is still in doubt. Shocks like that happen when the party's presidential candidate loses a state by 16 points, but a crucial factor in Mrs. Johnson's race was the hits she took for allegedly covering for Gingrich in her capacity as chairman of the House Ethics Committee. The ethics charges against Gingrich may yet hurt other Republicans in coming months, but for now it is far more significant that he was the architect of Congress's rise to its highest approval ratings in ten years.

Also a flop was the labor-union charge against Republican freshmen. Only 14 (out of 73) were defeated. A couple of factors were at work. First, all the Democrats' spending a year ago did help "burn in" the impression that Republicans were an intemperate majority willing to embrace "extremist" means—i.e., shutting down the government—to achieve the ends of special interests. The Medicare issue also was effective against some Republicans (although Clinton actually did worse among seniors than in 1992). In the end it seems the labor unions overreached; they ran their ads so early and many of them were so ham-handed that by the stretch run they had lost their force. The special $35 million in forced union dues spent to elect a Democratic Congress works out to $2.5 million per defeated Republican freshman, some of whom would have lost even if the

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unions had left every dime in the bank. The morning after the election, GOP pollster Kellyanne Fitzpatrick remarked that a CEO who made an investment like that would be fired.

In the run-up to the elections, "union bosses" had to compete for news coverage with "soccer moms." The oft-discussed gender gap was real and harmful to Dole and other Republicans. If men were the only ones who had voted, Republicans would probably be striding toward a veto-proof majority in the Senate: Lightfoot and Harkin tied among men, Woody Jenkins narrowly beat Mary Landrieu among men. The ultimate causes of the gender gap are unclear, and Republicans are sure to argue over it in coming months. In a pre-election interview Republican analyst Jim Pinkerton lamented "the horrible gender-gap problem that, excuse me, the pro-life issue gives Republicans. I'm sure you're not going to print that but it's true." That's sure to be the conventional wisdom we'll hear for weeks. Yet the Massachusetts Senate race provides evidence against that contention. Republican Gov. William Weld is an impeccable social liberal—he even sided with Clinton's decision to keep partial-birth abortion legal—and he still trailed among women by 21 points while tying among men.

If Republicans are from Mars, Democrats are from Venus. Dole's margin among suburban dads was twice as high as Clinton's margin among suburban moms. And the Democrats do not have quite the hold on women they might hope. The President, whose way with women has been the focus of extravagant praise from the press, got slightly less of the women's vote than Reagan did in 1984. And quite a few Republicans had no particular trouble appealing to women. New Arkansas Sen. Tim Hutchinson, a principled conservative but a soothing personality, tied among women in Arkansas. Even Phil Gramm, a not-so-soothing personality, won among all women by 9 points and among white women by 30 points, after running a hard-hitting, issue-driven campaign in the Lone Star State.

The magic bullet that was supposed to get Dole out of all his troubles, with women and everyone else, was his 15 per cent tax plan. It was a well-crafted proposal that should have been politically appealing; under the plan a couple making $35,000 a year with two children would have seen their tax burden reduced by *one-third* (a datum that the Dole campaign didn't push nearly hard enough). Deficit-phobia wasn't the problem: 58 per cent of voters recognized that it is possible to cut taxes *and* the deficit. But two-thirds of voters didn't think *Dole* could do both. To voters his about-face on tax cuts seemed (like so much of his campaign) a matter of mere expedience.

In retrospect, if Dole was going to ignore his political instincts and pick a conservative theme to make the centerpiece of his campaign, that theme should have come out of the cluster of social and cultural issues. Exhibit number one is the California Civil Rights Initiative, banning race and gender preferences by government entities in

Dennis Dittrich

California. All year long, CCRI outran Dole. Its momentum withstood a vicious late blitz of demagogic attacks and outright lies. The Dole campaign eschewed the issue for fear of alienating those soccer moms (soccer is a multicultural game, after all). But early exit polls indicate that CCRI won 51 per cent of the women's vote, a performance of which Bob Dole could only dream.

WHAT does this mean for the next two years? The Senate will be marginally more Republican and appreciably more conservative. Liberal-to-moderate Republicans Mark Hatfield (Ore.), Nancy Landon Kassebaum (Kan.), Alan Simpson (Wyo.), and, of course, Bob Dole are all out the door. Replacing them is a freshman class of Republicans that will move the body to the right in philosophy and attitude: Sam Brownback (Kan.), Tim Hutchinson (Ark.), Mike Enzi (Wyo.), Wayne Allard (Colo.), and Jeff Sessions (Ala.). Instead of being slowed down by the Senate, House Republicans could find themselves straining to keep up.

Gingrich himself, of course, will start from a position of diminished power. Many members have had to dodge bullets with Gingrich's name on them and will be less willing to follow his lead than two years ago, and committee chairmen were already getting restive in the waning days of the last Congress. Gingrich is likely to be eager to embrace an aggressive bi-partisanship to win media goodwill. Indeed, the White House spin, adopted by the major media, is that the election results were a mandate for co-operation in Washington, for getting things done. House members who saw their early poor poll results turn around after they passed the minimum wage, welfare reform, and health regulation will be especially susceptible to this interpretation.

But voters *never* favor partisan confrontation; they don't want "gridlock." And yet, they prefer some policies to others, and a majority prefer Republican policies. The fact that a majority of voters voted against Clinton should register with savvy Republicans even if the news doesn't reach the press. Republicans needn't accept whatever Clinton throws at them. On tax cuts, for instance, it's not at all clear that Clinton's tiny, targeted tax credits have won a mandate over broader tax relief. And Republicans should take heed of the fact that it was cleverly packaged partisan confrontation, over issues of Clinton's choosing, that paved the way for his comeback.

Measured against what might have been, the Republican showing on November 5 was disappointing: two years ago they thought they ruled the world and laughed at the possibility of a second Clinton term. They shouldn't have. But there are signs that the secular trend is still toward increased Republican dominance of American politics. Economic conditions fluctuate, and so does the quality of candidates and campaigns. If those factors had been different this year, Republicans would probably have had another sweep like 1994's. So, while the Dole campaign lost long before 9:30 P.M. on November 5, it's still too early for Republicans with designs on a historic realignment to concede defeat. □

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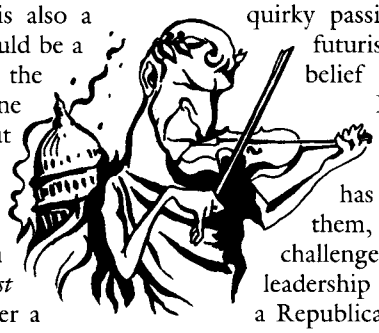
BREAD & CIRCUSES

REPUBLICANS have kept control of Congress for the first time in almost seventy years. The GOP is today the natural majority party in America, confirmed by two successive elections and in spite of a clear victory for a Democratic President. And because of the changing of the generational guard, especially in the Senate, the Republican majority is also a conservative one. This should be a moment of triumph for the man who, more than anyone else, made it possible. But Newt Gingrich is forewarned that his own share in this victory will be short-lived. On election eve, the *Washington Post* revisited an old story under a headline declaring "Ethics Probe Reaching Critical Stage for Frustrated Gingrich." The ethics charges against Gingrich, originally filed as payback for his campaign against Speaker Jim Wright, now provide Democrats and their media friends with a much-needed diversion from the Clinton scandals.



Veterans in the ways of Washington predict that Democrats' efforts to "get Newt" will escalate. Former White House Counsel Boyden Gray explains, "The way ethics wars work is that the hotter things get for Clinton, the hotter things get for Gingrich, regardless of what he might have done." And there is little evidence that he has done anything to warrant the blizzard of charges filed against him. Gingrich reasonably points out that more than seventy complaints against him have been dismissed or rendered moot. "This is an effort to destroy me by exhaustion," he complains.

A recent *Congressional Quarterly* suggests that Republicans commit "regicide" and depose the Speaker. That will not happen. Apart from the GOP's traditional loyalty, Gingrich was held in sufficient esteem, even before Tuesday's victory, not to need fear a rebellion. But if he is not to be bled to political death by Democrats using ethics charges as leeches, he will have to come up with a dramatic response. He should be particularly anxious to avoid collateral damage to other Republicans following the surprising difficulties of Nancy Johnson, chairman of the House Ethics Committee, whose challenger hammered her on Gingrich's ethics charges.

Newt Gingrich is one of the oddest men in modern American politics. He has a deep knowledge of history, a quirky passion for technological futurism, and an abiding belief in his own destiny. He has always been underestimated by his enemies and he has always surprised them, notably when he challenged a feeble House leadership to make the dream of a Republican Congress a reality. Now that the Gingrich majority has withstood a barrage of attack ads, can he pull off a final surprise? Might he decide to strengthen that majority and confound his enemies once again by stepping aside as Speaker to concentrate full time on clearing himself of all ethics charges?

The Speaker knows that, contrary to Scott Fitzgerald, there are plenty of second acts in American politics—Nixon after 1962, LBJ after Dallas, Grover Cleveland after Harrison, even Clinton after Flowers. Two of his heroes, Churchill and de Gaulle, owe some of their greatness to years in the wilderness. And he is painfully aware that a man who is clinging to power can achieve nothing impressive; the public sees everything he does as an attempt to survive. The man who resigns in his own good time for the sake of the party, however, changes the public's view of him. And he is better placed to re-enter the game after memoirs, or a Big Book on The Future (very Gingrichian, that).

At once politics would be transformed. Washington scandals depend on the oxygen of media coverage. But Democrats would no longer be able to shield the President by making Newt Gingrich the issue. Indeed, Mr. Clinton would be doubly on the defensive.

But how would the House majority operate in even the temporary absence of Newt Gingrich? There is a man uniquely qualified to emerge as a caretaker Speaker: Henry Hyde of Illinois.

A year younger than Bob Dole, Hyde is held in such high regard by his colleagues that he was long thought to be the logical successor to Bob Michel as Republican leader. Instead, he chairs the Judiciary Committee as a loyal Gingrich team member. Despite his own objections to term limits, he shepherded the bill to the floor in order to fulfill the Contract with America, which he otherwise enthusiastically supported.

Most recently, Hyde accepted the unenviable task of chairing the Platform Committee in San Diego, where he disappointed the media by averting the anticipated bloodbath and uniting the party behind the conservative document. Although best known for his principled opposition to abortion, he has been called "indispensable" on defense and foreign policy, and the party's "most impressive spokesman" for any conservative initiative. Hyde holds rock-solid beliefs but displays no hard edges in advocating them. And his courtesy is a by-word on both sides of the aisle.

THE *Almanac of American Politics* reflects this view, citing Henry Hyde as "one of the most respected and intellectually honest members of the House." Gary Bauer of the Family Research Council believes he is held in bipartisan regard because "he represents conservatism of the heart like Ronald Reagan."

The face of House Republicans as they solidify their congressional majority would be that of the erudite and genial Hyde. It would be impossible to portray Henry Hyde as either an ideological zealot or a wild-eyed partisan seeking the President's ruin through the investigation of his scandals.

Nor, finally, would his elevation disturb the ultimate line of succession among younger members—including, of course, a returning Gingrich himself. Already, Republicans owe Newt Gingrich a profound debt of gratitude. Should he engineer the election of Hyde, the debt would be greater still.

But there is always a fly in the ointment. One of Henry Hyde's countless conservative fans, glumly contemplating the re-election of Bill Clinton, objects to the Hyde scenario because "Hyde would be a better Speaker than the country deserves now." —KATE O'BEIRNE

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ON THE SCENE

The Death of Bulgaria

RADEK SIKORSKI

Roman Genn

SOFIA

A COUNTRY where a bottle of perfectly decent wine costs a dollar might sound like heaven on earth, but in Bulgaria's case it is just another symptom of decline. Under the former Communists who have continued to rule Bulgaria with only a brief interruption in 1991–92, the country has descended into a decrepitude already deeper than that of many parts of Latin America. In the course of a weekend-long conference I attended in Sofia, a couple of businessmen were blown up by car bombs and the press revealed that much of the sausage sold at street markets is made of stray cats. Practically all shops, restaurants, street stalls, and even beggars pay protection money to organized crime.

The average monthly wage hovers around $90; the average pension is half that. For lack of seed credit, farmers have planted only 10 per cent of the normal grain-growing area. Vineyards, the country's principal export producer, burn. Their owners set them on fire because a badly drafted restitution law requires them to pay for vines planted on their land since confiscation.

Official inflation will have reached 200 per cent by year's end, which is certainly an underestimate, since most prices are still controlled by the government. The central bank is trying to attract savings through high interest rates —currently at 25 per cent per month— but its reputation is against it. When the government recently tried to import grain from the United States, it was told that the guarantee of the central bank of Bulgaria would be insufficient and the grain would flow only if a private bank with good standing agreed to underwrite the contract. If it weren't for its mild climate and the fact that the majority of town dwellers maintain close links with relatives in the countryside, the country would soon be facing famine.

I suspect that most Westerners have heard of Bulgaria mainly in connection with plots to kill the Pope. An umbrella-launched poison pellet probably springs to their minds as Bulgaria's contribution to modern technology. Collapse in Bulgaria may seem to them as natural as civil war in Afghanistan. But to those of us who spent our youth inside the camp of progress, "holidays in Bulgaria" still has more the ring of "holidays in Florida" than of "holidays in Cambodia."

The strange fact is, Bulgaria had it good under Communism. Poles, Czechs, East Germans, and Hungarians flocked by the millions to its unspoiled beaches and mountains. In the summer of 1976, I drove with my parents from my home city in northern Poland past Radom in the southeast, where workers were busy setting a Communist Party regional headquarters ablaze in an outburst of anger against food shortages and price increases. We drove toward our holiday destination trading chewing gum, wigs, nail polish, condoms, and similar luxuries for Soviet gasoline, tools, and cameras. We Poles were the envy of all other inmates of the socialist camp because we were allowed to travel beyond Bulgaria to the West—that is, to Turkey and Greece. There, we could trade our socialist wares for gold trinkets and dollars and thus hope that the entire holiday would turn out budget-neutral—a top priority at a time when my parents' professional salaries amounted to $20 per month.

But Bulgaria was a poor man's Riviera, where the food was excellent, plentiful, and cheap. During decades when an orange was a Christmas-grade luxury and one took photographs in the West of butchers' shops full of meat to prove the superiority of capitalism to friends back home, meat and tropical fruit were abundant in Bulgaria. Even apartments —a perennial scarcity in most planned economies—were relatively easy to obtain. At a time when young couples in Poland could only hope that their children might live in an apartment of their own (waiting lists stretched to 15 years and more), a friend of mine in Bulgaria was housed in less than a year without paying a bribe.

It was all, of course, something of an illusion. Bulgarians prospered by comparison to the rest of us not because they found a way of making socialism work, but thanks to huge subsidies from the Soviets to their most faithful ally. Formally neutral in the Second World War, Bulgaria was occupied by the Red Army, and Sovietized without much opposition. Bulgarian Communists drew on the nation's genuine Russophilia, unique in Eastern Europe. To this day, the finest church in Sofia, indeed the largest Orthodox basilica in the Balkans, is the Aleksandr Nevsky—erected at the turn of the century in gratitude for the many Russians who gave their lives liberating Bulgaria from the Turks.

Bulgarians prospered thanks to huge subsidies for the Soviets' most faithful ally

Like Belarus today, Communist Bul-

Mr. Sikorski is NR*'s roving correspondent.*

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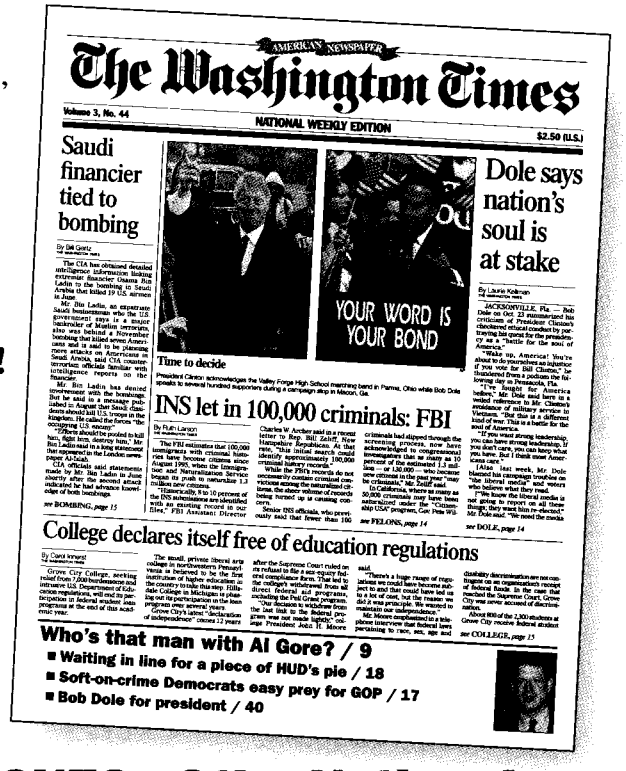
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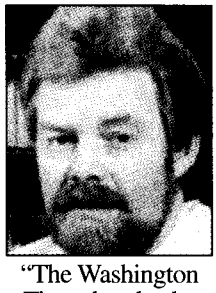

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garia kept applying to become a republic of the Soviet Union. It was rebuffed, probably because it suited the Soviets to have a country formally independent but totally pliable. It was through Bulgaria that the dodgier Soviet arms contracts were laundered. Bulgaria earned further billions of dollars reselling Soviet raw materials on the world market. Strange to recall, Bulgaria once specialized in high technology, building computers and other electronic apparatuses according to plans stolen in the West by the KGB.

Whatever the source of the wealth, Bulgarians were getting used to the trappings of middle-class life: a yearly holiday by the sea, a cottage in the country, a car. In the 1980s, when the crisis in the rest of the Bloc was painfully apparent, Bulgaria soldiered on. With the country's wine exports booming and its credit good, the Communist authorities borrowed billions of dollars to sustain an increasingly unsupportable standard of living.

The political result is that when the crunch eventually came during the brief period in the early 1990s when anti-Communists were in power, most people felt the transition away from socialism was a disaster. Because the country had been doing so well for so long, commitment to reform was weak. Unluckily, the attempt at reform coincided with the flare-up of war in Yugoslavia. Sanctions against neighboring Serbia cost Bulgaria billions in lost business. Furthermore, some bad Western advice cautioned against rapid transition to the market. Restitution was bungled so badly that to this day nobody knows who owns what. The freeing up of the banking sector became an opportunity for crooks—mostly from the former *nomenklatura*—to drain hundreds of millions of dollars from the country. You could simply set up a "bank" and then wire your depositors' money abroad. Is it any wonder that capitalism has become a dirty word in Bulgaria?

Nor do serious reforms seem imminent. Petar Stoyanov, the bright lawyer from the anti-Communist opposition who has just won the presidential election, may be a pro-market reformer, but the president's powers are largely ceremonial. Stoyanov's victory might even, in the medium term, weaken the anti-Communists in Parliament because the population will now start blaming further hardships on them.

There are, moreover, structural reasons why Bulgaria cannot be reinvigorated fast—and the price of alcohol is a perfect case in point. Most countries standing on the brink of bankruptcy would try to increase excise taxes on things like alcohol and tobacco. Bulgaria does not have that option. State enforcement bodies, including police and tax authorities, are so weak and corrupt that they cannot enforce regulations in the face of criminal private interests. When the tax on spirits goes up a fraction over the odds, cisterns with moonshine spring up on every corner. Libertarians may cheer that somewhere the state's greed for taxes has been checked by the private sector, but the prospects for Bulgarian public finances remain grim.

Nevertheless, Stoyanov's victory in Bulgaria, coming just a fortnight after the defeat of the former Communists in Lithuania, is a sign that the Eastern European public is at last beginning to blame those really responsible for their hardship—the former Communists. There's likely to be a change of regime in Rumania later this year. Poland's ruling post-Communist coalition is also losing ground and will probably be defeated in the general election next year. Even in downtrodden Belarus, opposition to the grotesque President Lukashenko is gathering strength.

I was in Sofia at the invitation of the Washington-based Institute for Democracy in Eastern Europe. My impression after its Sofia conference, which gathered anti-Communists from all the countries of the former Soviet Bloc, is that the period in opposition has done them a power of good. They no longer assume that just because they suffered persecution and imprisonment they automatically deserve to be elected. Democratic politicians seem to have learned the bureaucratic and managerial skills necessary to run a modern election campaign and a successful administration. Defeat may even have taught the reformers some coalition-building skills. And their old sense of moral and intellectual superiority, which often looked like arrogance, seems at last to have subsided. They begin to deserve having the tide turn their way again. □

Gorbymania Lives

MATTHEW SCULLY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"MAGICAL," "dazzling," "electrifying"—these are among the words employed over the years to describe Mikhail Gorbachev. And those eyes, we've been told—watch those eyes. "Everyone," as Gail Sheehy put it a few years back, in *The Man Who Changed the World*, "is struck by the gleam that blazes behind his dark eyes . . . as if with the intensity of his belief he had burned his image into their own retinas, and they will never be quite the same."

Running the risk of permanent retinal damage, I decided to have a look at this mysterious being when he passed through town the other day. Was Gorbymania just another case of liberal hero-worship, or was there something truly formidable in the man himself?

My investigation began at the Borders bookstore on L Street and 18th. An item in the paper had announced that Gorbachev would be signing copies of his *Memoirs*. I wondered what sort of turnout there would be. Back in 1989, when there was still a Soviet Union and he was still running it, he stopped his motorcade a few blocks from here and incited a stampede of pedestrians wanting to see and touch him. Did he still have the old stuff?

Was Gorbymania just liberal hero-worship, or was there something truly formidable in the man himself?

Arriving, I found a line winding out the door and disappearing around the corner. There were eight hundred people, according to Borders, a number rivaled only by Jimmy Carter and Roseanne. The first in line, a college student, had arrived at 4:30 A.M., sitting

Mr. Scully, formerly NR*'s assistant literary editor, is a writer in Arlington, Va.*

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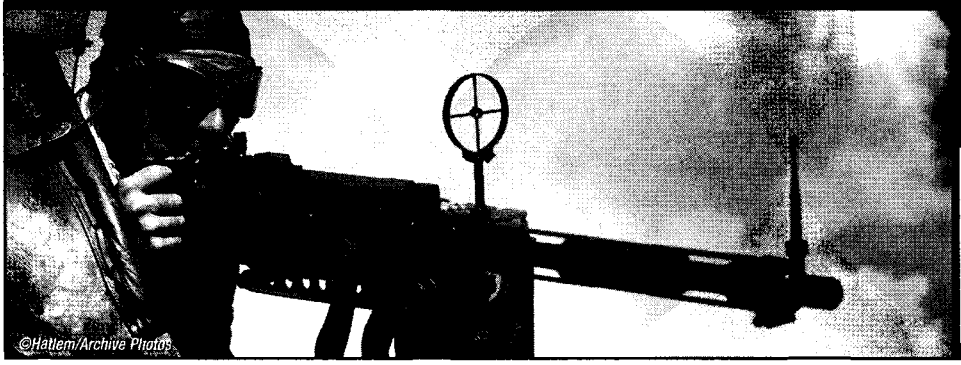

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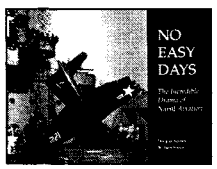

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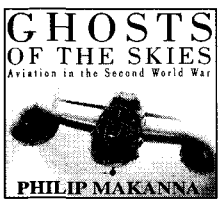

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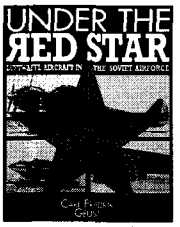

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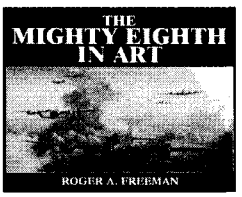

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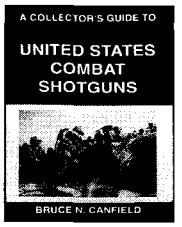

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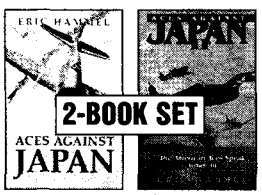

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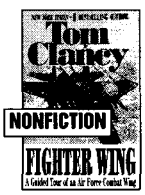

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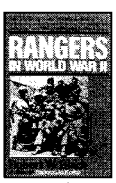

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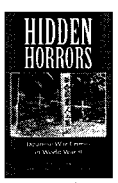

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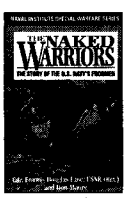

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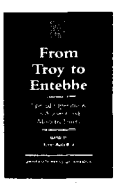

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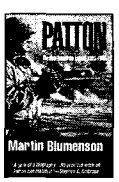

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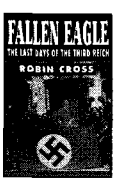

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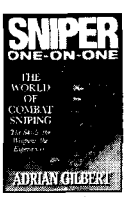

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outside the door in bone-chilling temperatures. It was now 12:30 P.M.

At such moments I always say a silent prayer of thanks for my press pass: "The publisher and editors of NATIONAL REVIEW will appreciate any courtesies extended to the Bearer." The story there is that the Bearer, just before leaving *NR* a few years ago, waited to catch publisher and editor in a distracted moment, got the card signed and stamped, and from that day has enjoyed all the courtesies Washington has to offer The Media. Presidential events, all sorts of assemblies and conferences, buffets. It's the Washington equivalent of Politburo membership back before *glasnost*.

Here at Borders, having a press pass meant arriving at half past noon and being swiftly ushered through the scruffy masses to my place right near the desk where the great man would soon be sitting.

Gorbachev was running late. I hadn't even cracked his 769-page *Memoirs*, so while I was waiting, I dipped in. Might be some clues there into just who this man is. I opened it at random and began reading. "*A key element of the food program was the social development plan for the countryside. . . .*" Well, maybe it's best digested in the quiet of one's study. Besides, just then I noticed behind me the "Russia" shelf and, looking out on the crowd, a picture of Stalin. It was the cover of *Stalin: Triumph and Tragedy* by Dmitri Volkogonev. And there was Robert Massie's *The Romanovs*. While Gorby can hardly be blamed for the fate of the Romanovs or the reign of Stalin, there is surely some deep irony here. You know, Stalin, Communists, massacres, Cold War over now. Something along those lines.

What's really interesting about these events, of course, is the press itself. There are the jaded ones who think they have a right to whine if a world leader who could once have had people like them squashed or imprisoned arrives a few minutes late for an appointment. There are the ones fresh out of J school, still impressed by events like this. And always there is one thirtyish woman with a harsh aspect and edgy demeanor who was passed over for the anchor job, is now in a personal crisis, and can usually be found ordering about whatever poor soul has been assigned to shepherd the media. The victim in this case was a security guard who had orders not to take "anyone" else down on the special elevator to the special press area. "Look," she explained, "I'm with *the media*. I *have* to get down there!"

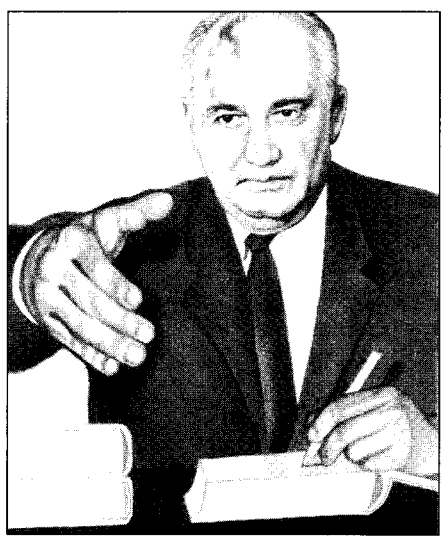
I listened to the banter among the other reporters. "What are you doing here?" says one to another. "I thought you'd be with Dole or something."

"Nah, I'm back here for now and then I'm doing Little Rock. It's the beginning of the next campaign."

And talk about credentials: The guy doing Little Rock and the next campaign wore a pass saying: "WHITE HOUSE: GO ANYWHERE, DO ANYTHING." Now *that's* a pass.

"*Quiet, there he is! Stand back! Mr. Gorbachev, look over here! Mr. Gorbachev, how does it feel to be back in Washington? Mr. Gorbachev! Mr. Gorbachev!*"

He had materialized from behind some shelves near a back entrance. There was a hush and then a frenzy. But when



Bonnie T. Gardner

everything had settled down, the first thing I noticed was a nice show of courtesy. After signing each book, Gorbachev set down the pen, looked up, smiled at the person, and offered a handshake. None of that disdain for the task we've seen from other bigshots. Gorby *likes* this, likes America, likes crowds. As well he should: there were about as many people packed into Borders as voted for him across the vast Eurasian land mass in the last Russian election.

Each person stepping away from the desk was then interviewed about the experience by reporters: "It was such an honor to shake that hand. I can't believe it! . . . He's so charming, so *human*! . . . This is the man who changed the world! . . . This guy ended the Cold War. . . . He actually reached for *my* hand. And I said, 'Mikhail Sergeyevich, I am honored to meet you!' "

And so on, each one lugging off two or three copies of Gorby's $35 tome, just glowing from the encounter. Another rube, another ruble.

My retinas were still working well enough for me to feel my way through the crowd and out the door. I picked up my investigation that evening at a "Book Rap" at the National Press Club.

I was expecting a little trouble there: someone at the Press Club had told me that tickets were sold out. By sheer luck, I walked around the corner of 13th and I Street toward the Press Club just as the limo pulled up. Five or six aides in tow, Gorbachev came bounding up behind me. I waited a second to hold the door open, earning a pat on the back which apparently led the security guards waiting in the lobby to assume I was with the former president. While others in the lobby were told to stand back, I and the rest of the entourage were hustled into an elevator.

There was some whispering in Russian, and the translator, that same bald fellow you always see in summit shots, was looking my way. But then the doors opened, we marched down a corridor, went up some stairs, and swept into the room to thunderous applause.

Once again Gorbachev deserves some credit. When someone finally thought to mention the name "Ronald Reagan," it was Gorbachev who reminded the audience he didn't do all that world changing by himself. "My impression of Reagan changed," he said. "When I got back from our summit in Reykjavik, I said to my staff, 'Well, this is a real dinosaur.' But it was this President with whom we were in the end able to negotiate the great turn in world affairs. I think he is a person of great natural instincts and I think he is a great man."

Translation: "After the Reagan arms buildup, we were done for. At Reykjavik I tried to charm Reagan, but the dinosaur wouldn't budge. I vacillated, but the choice was between uncertain political reform and certain economic ruin. This President left me no choice, and that's how the Cold War ended."

He could have said exactly those words, and I'd wager most of these folks would have gone right on cheering and lining up to touch him. Even Gorbachev struck me at times as uncomfortable with this fawning. He's the Cold War's *Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, hailed in the West for an achievement not really his while the man they should be honoring quietly recedes from view. □

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Politics, Culture and the Church

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hello!!!

See You There

A note inside a bottle
Beside the Rio Grande
Says, After Bob and Liddy
Have made a final stand,
Head out to Orange County,
Where lots of us Secesh
Will hoist one for the Speaker
And press some friendly flesh.

—W. H. von Dreele

...THEN ONE DAY I SAID TO MYSELF: "DIOGENES, WHY WASTE TIME SEARCHING FOR AN HONEST MAN? NOBODY THINKS CHARACTER IS AN IMPORTANT ISSUE ANYWAY...
CLINTON SAGE CAUGHT IN SEX SCANDAL NATION YAWNS
KIRK
ROTHCO

"Now that I've proved this mysterious force works on apples, my next step will be to obtain government funding to see if it works on other fruits as well."

"Just be thankful it's not as bad as our lawyers are claiming it was."

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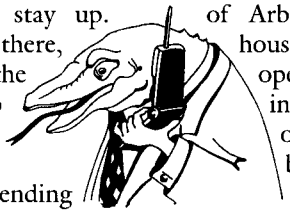
GEKKO

IT'S getting harder and harder for the bulls on the economy to justify their enthusiasm. The consumer finally seems to have decided that he is overextended, and he's cutting back on his spending even as the government's personal-income numbers stay up. The positive numbers out there, such as production in the third quarter, were kept up by businesses building their inventories and following through on their capital-spending plans. As they notice that the inventories aren't moving the way they were supposed to, they're going to cut back on production and capital spending. Remember that the consumer is about two-thirds of the economy, and he has kept going in large part through his willingness to build up his credit-card debt. That could be ending now.



Another possible source of strength, exports, faces a new challenge—a weakening Pacific economy. Ed Hyman's ISI Group has been on top of this one. As Ed points out, Japanese land prices are still falling, Asian currencies are under pressure, Chinese share prices are in a bear market, and, perhaps most serious of all, beer sales are weak in the Philippines. The Japanese are threatened with a 2 per cent consumption tax to be imposed next April.

For all these reasons, I think there's a fair chance that we will get a declining economy by the first quarter of 1997. Which is why you should limit your equity exposure now. With any serious earnings disappointment, both the innocent and the guilty stocks will be dragged to the firing squad. I'm not sure that this decline will be the Big One—though when you look at the quality of investment analysis buyers are doing now, you never know. The real momentum is coming from commitments to index funds, investment vehicles that simply mirror some indicator such as the S&P 500. This money will get out fast when sentiment turns.

If the stock market is dangerously overbought, it isn't as overleveraged as the bond market. In other words, stock investors, in this country at least, have not borrowed as much to buy securities as bond-market participants have. This is one of the two biggest vulnerabilities in the U.S. economy (consumer indebtedness being the other one). Jim Bianco of Arbor Trading, a good bond house outside Chicago, has developed a great database for tracking bondholders. As he points out, "Virtually all the rise in buying in the bond contract has come from large speculators. Historically, this class of buyer has had a poor track record in calling the market's direction."

To get a real rally in the bond—that is, a further sustained decline in rates—we have to see buying by investors, not speculators. That hasn't happened yet. Which is interesting, because the textbook preconditions for a bond rally are there. Inflation is low, economic growth in this country is falling off, and wage increases are stagnant at best. The government deficit is the lowest among the major countries.

So why are interest rates not coming down more? Indeed, technical analysts, the bond market's equivalent of witch doctors, see them going back up. What is being forecast by Mr. Market? Could it be political risk? For example, say, a 1974-like constitutional crisis caused by high-level criminality? That's my call.

"By the way, I forgot to tell you yesterday—somebody named 'Margin' called."

■ If I'm bearish on the equity and bond markets, my contrarian instinct leads me to be bullish on Afghanistan. Now, some of you doubters out there, you of little faith, might wonder why a war-devastated country whose capital is occupied by militant Islamic fundamentalists and is under ground and air attack from ex-Communists seems like a good investment prospect.

To begin with, despite their current arguments, the Afghan factions realize they have to make a deal with each other. The Taleban, who are the Islamic militants, are not the anti-American Shi'ite variety you get across the border in Iran. They are much closer to the Sunni Islamic fundamentalists of Saudi Arabia, with whom the U.S. has been able to deal quite satisfactorily over the years. The Taleban are unpopular with the urbanites of Kabul, with the *New York Times*, and with feminists, who don't like their admittedly repressive strictures on women. But the areas outside Kabul controlled by the Taleban are a lot more peaceful than they were when they were controlled by bandit groups. The real problem is that the Taleban, who are almost all members of the Pushtun ethnic group, need to make peace with the Tajik and Uzbek minorities who man the opposing armed forces. The current fighting is probably the prelude to a power-sharing settlement, possibly with the former Afghan king playing a transitional role.

This is important for the United States. Afghanistan is a critical link for any oil or gas pipelines from Central Asia to ports in Pakistan. American companies are trying to arrange for a transit agreement for these lines. If peace can be reached among the factions, the pipelines can be built. Then the Central Asians could break their dependence on Russia and Iran, and the balance of power in a dangerous part of the world would shift in America's direction.

■ You may recall that I overcame my natural bearishness back in the September 16 issue to suggest a buy of Worldcom. The stock had declined after the company's announced takeover of MFS Communications. This is still a well-run company, but you would already have made at least $5 on what was a $19 stock. Given how I feel about equities, I'd take a profit now. But keep WCOM on your list of favorites for the future. It will continue to eat AT&T's lunch. —JOHN DIZARD

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How to Forget The Election

More Hot Air

Priscilla L. Buckley

IF THE empty rhetoric that has assaulted the nation in the past three months could be bottled, happy balloonists might have gained a free ride or two. My prescription for getting away from the oratorical hot air is to blow your worries away in a hot-air balloon.

As a sport, hot-air ballooning has come of age. It is available everywhere. You can float over stampeding wildebeests in the Serengeti or get a bird's-eye view of Kenya's elephants, zebras, giraffes, and impalas. There are balloons that fly over the impressive ruins of Ephesus in modern Turkey, soar above the Swiss Alps, and cast their shadows on the umber and ocher hill cities of Tuscany. With Buddy Bombard's Great Balloon Adventures (headquarters: Alexandria, Virginia) you can soar over Austria's lush Alpine meadows, float over vineyards and castles in Burgundy, and visit the famed châteaux of the Loire from a height no French monarch, no matter how mighty, could attain.

Not so long ago a skillful balloonist settled his craft gently in the now-dry moat around the graceful Château de Chenonceau, which Catherine de Medici wrested from her husband's mistress, Diane de Poitiers, at Henry's death. I once flew over the many-turreted Château d'Ussé, which inspired Charles Perrault's tale of the Sleeping Beauty, over the ruins of Chinon, where the young Joan picked out her dauphin from a crowd of jeering courtiers, and saw from a distance the misty outlines of Loches, where Louis XI once imprisoned a cardinal in a cage he had painted scarlet so the prelate would feel at home. Louis's humor was under-appreciated in fifteenth-century France—and in Rome.

There is a magic to hot-air ballooning, from the instant the brightly decorated sheath, into which hot air is blown, stirs restively, billows up in undulating waves, and tries to pull free of the men holding it down. Once enough hot air has been blown into its open mouth to give it the lift it needs to clear buildings or trees, there is a scramble to climb into the tall, sturdy wicker basket that will carry the balloonists, and it's lift-off. In seconds the earth has slipped away beneath you. The chase car that will try to keep up with your unpredictable flight pattern has shrunk. Far below, it is one toy car amid other toy cars.

The beauty of ballooning lies in great part in the tingle of not knowing where you'll come down. The pilot can control his elevation. If he needs a lift he fires spurts of flame from the propane tanks stowed in the corners of the basket into the open mouth of the balloon. *Whoosh*, *whoosh*, *whoosh*, and, imperceptibly but surely, the colorful seven-, nine-, or twelve-story-tall balloon starts to rise. A skilled balloonist who sees a stand of trees at the top of a hill 200 yards ahead knows exactly when to start heating up the air. But he has no control over the direction of his craft. That depends on the ever-capricious wind.

Once when we were flying in Austria, the wind veered sharply as we descended for our landing. The field the pilot had picked out was suddenly an irretrievable thirty yards to our left, and before we knew it we were headed along the main railway line into Salzburg. And there we sat, over that enchanting city, drinking in its beauties as they are seldom seen, but unable, totally unable to find our way to safety. We bounced up and down like a yo-yo in the hope of finding a breeze, but the wind eluded us: it wasn't at two thousand feet, at one thousand feet, at two hundred feet. Ultimately, we had to put down in a handkerchief-sized park, to the enchantment of the tourists leaning on the balustrades of the Mirabell gardens. It was a perfect landing, helped as always by passersby, who obediently grabbed the rope we threw them and guided the balloon down. A motorcycle policeman, siren blasting, pulled up beside our balloon and its somewhat discombobulated passengers and asked for our flight plan. Flight plans are not what ballooning is about, unless of course you are crossing the Atlantic in the highly sophisticated Double Eagle Two.

Miss Buckley, an NR *senior editor, compiled the anthology* The Joys of National Review.

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The exquisite pleasure of ballooning comes in those moments when the pilot has reached the elevation he wants and the burners are turned off. Then you float in silence. The balloon seems to be stationary; it is the world below that is unrolling before you. This October afternoon in the Berkshire hills, the forests look like the shaggy underside of a hooked rug, great tufts of rust, red, gold, brown, ocher, purple, crimson, orange, yellow, punctuated here and there —a puritan guard against nature gone wild—by stands of sober dark green pines or blue spruce.

Below, spanning the sparkling Housatonic River, is an old covered bridge which to us, up here with only a half-hour or so of fuel remaining in the propane tanks, is not a bridge to the past, and surely not a bridge to the twenty-first century, but a bridge over which the chase crew, who have been on the wrong side of the river, can cross, and help pull us down to safety. Then we will pop the cork on the bottle of champagne with which, by tradition, every balloon flight is crowned. We shall toast each other, toast flights yet to come, and reflect that hot air, judiciously applied, can lift rather than depress the spirit. □

Hot Dinners

John O'Sullivan

I BEGAN fleeing the election very early—in the middle of the campaign, in fact. It was the vice-presidential debate on television that drove me out. I was listening to Jack Kemp explaining supply-side economics when I thought I remembered the point put better and, consulting the works of the Victorian poet A. H. Clough, came across:

So pray pass the bottle and damn the expense;
I've seen it observed by a writer of sense
That the laboring classes could live scarce a day
If people like us didn't eat, drink, and pay.

Thus inspired, I went out to dinner.

To be specific, I joined fellow refugees at Bobby Flay's restaurant, **Bolo**, in New York City. Mr. Flay is a Latin from Manhattan, a genius who took the spices and other ingredients of the Southwest and transformed them into a new American cuisine at the **Mesa Grill**. His second restaurant, Bolo, gives a similar inventive twist to the familiar dishes of Spain. I sat down, ordered a rabbit risotto and a Rioja, and let a sense of well-being flow over me.

It is customary for the *bon vivant* to deny that the food itself is the main point of dining out. No, no, we protest, it's the conversation, friendship, intellectual exchange, even dating. And this is true to the extent that these aspects of dining out have the potential to ruin a good dinner. How often has one seen a neighboring table, serene after the chef's finest *tarte Tatin*, suddenly thrown into chaos by a question like, "What do you mean you *only* went to the opera with him?" Is there an experience more disappointing than watching someone dig into a wonderful cassoulet (to which *you* have been looking forward for days), remain silent, and when invited to comment, say, "Oh, it's fine," immediately going on to pronounce on entitlement reform?

The plain truth is that we go to good restaurants for what is on the plate. If I had the skills of Jean-Michel Diot of New York's superb Provençal colony, the **Park Bistro**, I would never leave home. But my two culinary accomplishments—scrambled eggs and oxtail *jardinière* (it's simpler than it sounds)—are not various enough to please the crowd, or indeed myself. So out I go in search of grilled pompano, Chinese tea-smoked duck, venison stew with polenta, etc.

And when the final bonbon has been popped into the mouth, I feel the better for it. No longer hasty, irritable, or rash in my judgments, I can take the long view, weigh all the relevant considerations, balance the various factors, see the forest *and* the trees. Elections? Congresses? Parliaments? The fate of nations? The crash of empires? In the immortal words of Scarlett O'Hara: Fiddle-de-dee.

It is probably a good thing, therefore, that I live where I do. It would be possible to make a gastronomic world tour without leaving the island of Manhattan. It has, for instance, at least two Tibetan restaurants, which travelers confirm is two more than exist in Tibet. Paris may retain its lead in French cuisine, but no other city can match New York in the range and variety of cooking, both established national and regional styles (Provençal, Basque, Northern Italian, Szechuan) and innovative cuisines like that of chef Douglas Martinez of the eclectic Nuevo Latino restaurant **Patria**, brilliant blends and variations on the traditional.

If I had the skills of Jean-Michel Diot of New York's superb Provençal colony, the Park Bistro, I would never leave home

But let us not shortchange the rest of the world—even the most primitive places, Britain for instance. It used to be said that the only way to ensure getting a decent meal in Britain was to eat breakfast three times a day. And when during the Falklands War a captured Argentinian naval officer was treated to dinner on a British ship, the editor of the London *Spectator*, Frank Johnson, saw the apparent chivalry as black propaganda: "He'll think twice about taking us on when he's had six inches of cold British food inside him." But that kind of slur has not really been true for twenty years. London can now offer superb eating in almost every style from modern French (**Bibendum**) to sophisticated-peasant Italian (**L'Altro**) and even "modern British" (**Clarke's**).

Mr. O'Sullivan is NR*'s editor.*

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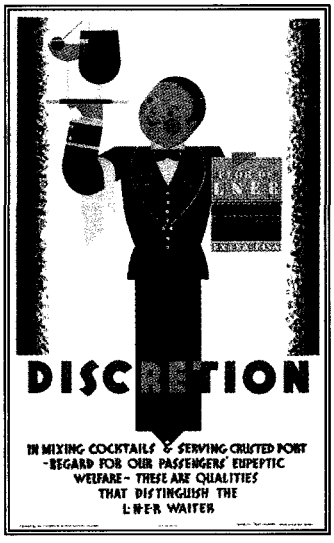
Chefs like Marco Pierre-White of **The Criterion** are well-known public figures who appear on television with rock stars. But what of England's traditional cuisines, namely Indian food, fish and chips, and—okay—breakfast?

If you want a decent breakfast while escaping, Britain's Intercity trains can meet both needs at once—bacon, eggs, sausages, mushrooms, tomatoes, fried bread, orange juice, toast, and coffee, in ample portions and well cooked, if somewhat expensive. Take the second sitting, since that can mean a second helping too.



London's many excellent, reasonably priced Indian restaurants, a heritage of empire, are a blind spot with me. But knowledgeable friends recommend either "anywhere in Southall," where there is a large Indian population, or the **Great Nepalese** near Euston Station (you can go there directly after breakfast).

That leaves fish and chips. For those who want the genuine article, flavored with salt and vinegar and wrapped in newspaper, the place to go is the **Sea Shell,** Lisson Grove, NW1, modestly priced and, if you have children in tow, conveniently near Madame Tussaud's and the Chamber of Horrors. Going upscale, at **Sweetings** in the financial district, white-aproned cockney waiters serve delicious fish of all kinds, including the underrated mackerel, in a Dickensian atmosphere of early capitalist bustle. And when the children are asleep, **Downstairs at 190** offers fried fish and chips against a background of cocktail piano and a decor of British country-house untidiness. (Oysters, lobster, *moules*, fish pie, and steamed, grilled, and raw fish are also on the menu.)

The three great cuisines are supposed to be French, Chinese, and Turkish. Italian must be added to this list since the forerunner of French *haute cuisine* came from Northern Italy and was imported into the French court by Catherine di Medici. So when in Rome, try **Al Bolognese** on the Piazza del Popolo, which, as well as serving the superb food of its patron city, has replaced the Via Veneto as the haunt of the.beautiful people. **Casina Valadier,** on the edge of the Borghese Gardens with a fine view of the city, is ideal for an *al fresco* lunch in spring or early summer. And *NR*'s Rome correspondent (and former Italian foreign minister) Antonio Martino recommends **Al Ceppo** for "wonderful food, excellent wines, reasonable prices." Any drawbacks?

"Yes," he said. "It's always full."

But even Rome is hard put to compete with New York, notably *NR*'s eclectic "house restaurant," **Paone's**, or such recent successes as **Campagna** and **Da Vittorio**, respectively the *chic* and cheerful ends of the local Italian scene.

I would also take in the rich, spicy cooking of Hungary with its goulashes, peppers, dumplings, sour cream, palacsintas (thin crêpes), and above all its infinite variations on goose liver. My taste for these dishes was formed twenty years ago in London's **Gay Hussar**, still going aromatically strong. (Try the smoked goose and scholet.) When the Cold War ended, I headed East to Budapest's celebrated **Gundel**, restored by Hungarian-American George Lang (of New York's **Café des Artistes**) and Ronald Lauder, a former mayoral candidate for the New York Conservative Party. With its *haute cuisine Hongroise,* its Belle Epoque decor, and its gypsy orchestra, Gundel is a step back into the Austria–Hungary of Lehar and Kalman—the place to go when you want to forget not merely the election, but the twentieth century as a whole. Waiter, more champagne.

Of Turkish food, all I can say is that ten or twelve of its starters (*mezze*) make a tasty meal on their own at New York's **Turkish Kitchen** or **Sahara**. As for Chinese food, my usual rule is to visit the restaurants with a large Chinese clientele. But this is of little use in Hong Kong. So visit the restaurant on the Peak, which has a wonderful view.

Finally, to France. Hazlitt, when asked what was the best of Burke, replied, "The only specimen of Burke is all of him." Similarly, when asked where to eat in France, I reply: Anywhere. A good example of anywhere is the **Le Relais St. Jean** in the little village of Aspremont about fifty minutes' driving into the mountains north of Nice. Perched above a river valley, it gave me, the historian of Arabia J. B. Kelly, and Danish foreign correspondent Ulla Terkelsen (two tough critics) a meal of local specialties, notably the thick *niçoise* ravioli stuffed with beef *daube*, that was—well, we went back that night for dinner.

La Mère Barral in Nice's Old Town is closed in August, when I last had one of my rare trips to the Côte d'Azur. But it is the stuff of legend. Mother Barral serves drinks and the customers sing songs until the place is full enough for her to start cooking the meal that *she* has ordered on the basis of what looked good in that morning's market. Digby Anderson *would* approve. So will I—in time.

And in the recent dark days my thoughts returned to French cuisine. On my last visit to the Park Bistro, a woman at the next table had been tucking into Scottish woodpigeon from the new fall game menu. As the flavors played counterpoint on her tongue, she was lost in a state of amnesiac bliss. No other earthly consideration any longer worried her. I immediately called over the headwaiter with an advance order:

"I'll have what she's having. On election night." □

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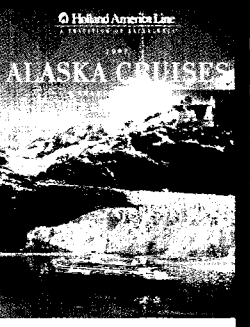
ALASKA



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Hair of the Dog

Anthony Daniels

WHILE on a recent visit to Haiti, my wife and I were approached in an otherwise empty restaurant by the government's Secretary for Tourism and asked what we were doing in his unfortunate country.

"We are tourists," we replied.

"You are not tourists," he contradicted. "You are heroes."

It was true that, as far as we could tell, the activities of an entire ministry were devoted to ourselves, insofar as we were the only tourists in the country for the foreseeable future. The other civilian foreigners in Haiti at the time were either AID workers wearing T-shirts demanding social justice, or businessmen of slightly dubious stripe.

But was our uniqueness enough to make us heroes? Actually, Haiti is far safer for the visitor than the English city in which I live, though its reputation is considerably worse. And I know of no one who has ever been to Haiti who has not retained something approaching an obsession with it. When you are there, it immediately becomes the center of your universe, crowding out all other concerns; you judge everything from the Haitian perspective, and nothing but the fate of Haiti seems to matter in the world. There is no better therapy for those jaded with the familiar, intractable problems of home.

A journey to a remote but politically interesting country is, in fact, the perfect antidote to world-weariness. Of course political tourism has a bad name, largely because it is associated with fellow-traveling: in England, for example, there was a well-known company called Progressive Tours, which specialized in ferrying parties of gullible utopia-seekers to Communist dictatorships. The desire among intellectuals to prove the purity of their love of humanity by fellow-traveling with Communism died hard: it was only six years ago that I was told by a prosperous English couple that they had come to Albania, then still one vast prison camp, to find out whether there was a viable alternative to the horrors of Thatcherism.

But, quite apart from residual Communist dictatorships, the world is full of political oddities to delight and instruct the political tourist. An eighteenth-century British traveler wrote: "The great uses of traveling may be comprehended in these few words, To raise in us new ideas, to enlarge the understanding, to cast off all natural prejudices, to chuse what is eligible in other countrys, and to abandon what is bad, in our own . . ." Political tourism, then, is the interesting way to study political philosophy.

One of the first valuable lessons you learn from political tourism is the limited importance of politics itself. While you remain at home, you have little sense of proportion; at dinner parties you are inclined to become embroiled in vicious spats about what is, when viewed from a wider perspective, a minor question of public policy. Your pulse races, your heart thumps, you want to demolish or even strangle your opponent: but if you are a political tourist, you suddenly recall the country you last visited, where the government was awful but the people were happy. And then you recall the Rumanian proverb: A change of rulers is the joy of fools. What had seemed so important now seems less so.

Another curious fact is that the most delightful countries to travel in are often those with the worst reputation. In part, this is because so few tourists travel to them, and you gain an instant and exhilarating feeling of the exotic. But—dare I say it?—another reason for the attractiveness of countries with bad reputations is that the people who live in them have often acquired a depth of character rarely encountered in more fortunate lands.

The fundamentals and outer reaches of human nature are often best studied in exotic places. The merchants and the missionaries are the proper study of man. Joseph Conrad, Somerset Maugham, Graham Greene all knew this. And those who have followed in these men's footsteps know the wonderful sense of freedom which arrival in a strange country confers. And it matters not at all that the exotic country in which you arrive is a political tyranny: it is a personal, not a political, liberation which such an arrival confers.

One returns refreshed, with memories fit for a deathbed. Shall I ever forget Serge, the bear-like Frenchman fleeing from Togo, where he had once been a favorite and confidant of the dictator, who had recently imprisoned him and from whose jail he had bribed his way out? He traveled with me on board an old tub captained by a swashbuckling Welshman who was making a fortune by carrying food supplied by Oxfam and Caritas to war-torn Liberia (no other boat would go). Serge, who had made and lost a fortune in Togo, had no papers: his only means of identification was his *Médecins Sans Frontières* T-shirt. He was hoping to recoup his fortune in Liberia by training the rag-tag army of Field-Marshal Brigadier-General Prince Y. Johnson. I taught Serge English on the way to Monrovia, and later I met his prospective boss.

Dr. Daniels is the author of Utopias Elsewhere.

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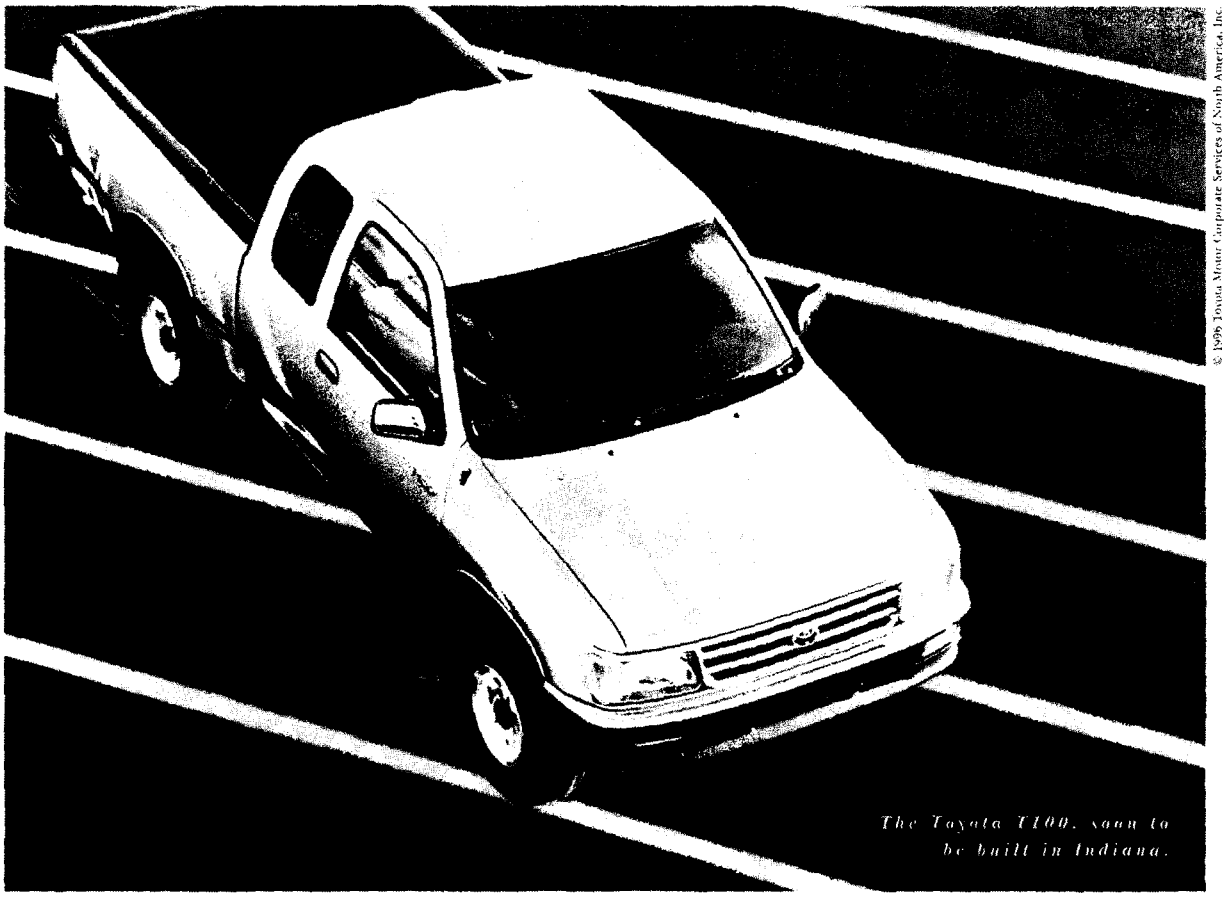

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One had to go to his camp in the morning, because in the afternoon he was usually drunk or high on drugs, and had a penchant for shooting people at random. When the civil war was over, he said, he wanted to be not president, but a preacher of the Gospel.

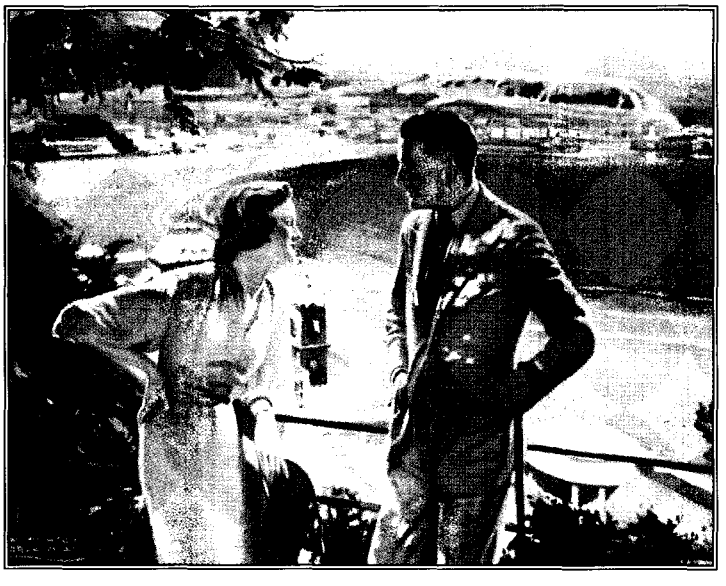
On board also was Rambo, an ex-U.S. Marine whose experiences in the Vietnam War had lent a certain strangeness to his character. He spent the journey from the Ivory Coast to Monrovia polishing his guns, in the hope that we would be attacked by pirates (as had happened in the past), so that he could exact his revenge upon the Vietcong.

They change their skies, said Horace, not their souls, who run across the sea. Though classical, he was completely wrong. □

A Lasting Affair

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

I WAS a juvenile delinquent and began smoking at 15. The addiction was so strong that I soon found it influencing my life. Seniors at the Millbrook School were solemnly invited to have after-dinner coffee with the headmaster on Wednesday and Saturday, at which moments we were permitted to smoke, and did so lustily. That was high wartime in America, a year and a half after Pearl Harbor. The war created a labor shortage, and students were asked to volunteer to pick apples at neglected orchards nearby. The pay was fifty cents per hour (approximately the minimum wage). I promptly volunteered for two hours' apple-picking the following afternoon, the whisper having circulated that Millbrook's labor force would not be chaperoned, which meant . . . Exactly. For those who have not tried picking apples, I warn that it is as disagreeable as any activity devised by nature to wring bread from the soil. This is because in order to spare the withes of the tree, one is required to grip them solidly with the left hand, while the right twists the apple free.



Apple-picking tested my loyalty to cigarettes, and I think that I even had a seizure of infidelity; but cigarettes remained important boosters to my life. In the last year of the war, cigarettes were scarce in the domestic market. But every American civilian stranded with weird brands, fitfully available, had at least one brother, son, or cousin in the army. American ingenuity immediately went to the rescue. My habit was to go to the PX and order ten cases of Lucky Strikes, and mail them off to two of my especially stricken sisters. But, of course, the Establishment caught on to the bizarre 1,000 per cent increase in cigarette sales at army camps. Effective at 0100 on 6 Nov 1944 we were permitted to buy a maximum of two packs, which made life tedious, during the half hour we were free to patronize the PX. It was as simple as that you bought your two packs, and rejoined the line. Ten minutes later you were at the head of the line, bought another two packs; and so on, until time ran out.

It was two years later that I confronted the abject state of my servitude to tobacco. It was Lent—even at Yale—and of course I had to give up something. My father had a close friend and associate who had a regime to which he had submitted rigorously throughout his adult lifetime. It was: No cigarettes until sundown. Mr. Montgomery seemed to live happily with this regime, and I made the pledge.

It so affected me that I found myself doing the inconceivable. There I was at college, studying, editing, even teaching. The day was never long enough; I'd turn off my light at about two in the morning. And what was I doing on the typical afternoon? *I was going to the movies!* Yes, to accelerate the movement of the day toward sundown. Nobody was permitted to smoke in movie houses, and so it did not feel a burden to be without. At the end of the movie it would be—dark! I'd light up and walk happily back to my room or the library or the *Yale Daily News*, free until dawn.

Six years after we were married, my wife and I awoke with heavy heads, following the celebration of the New Year the night before. We stared at each other in self-disgust and decided jointly that the time had come for a little mortification of the flesh: We would give up smoking. The following morning, we decided we would divorce. That translated, of course, into: One of us had to resume smoking. We drew cards. I lost. That is how I then thought of it, but my dear wife continues to smoke; so that, in fact, I won.

It was a dreadful week, kicking the habit. But of course these things do work out, and a couple of smokeless years went by before I thought to accept the cigar routinely handed out to gentlemen after dinner, when the ladies had withdrawn and the brandy was served.

I don't remember whether I inhaled, or choked, but I do remember that the cigar engendered no craving for the cigarette, none at all. But, in due course, I did begin—to inhale.

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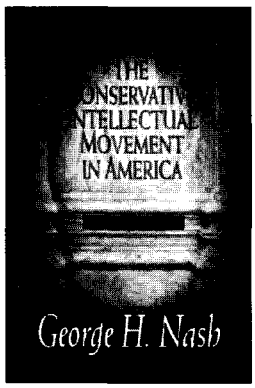

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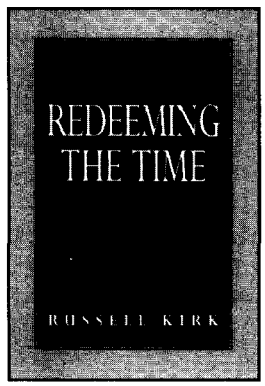

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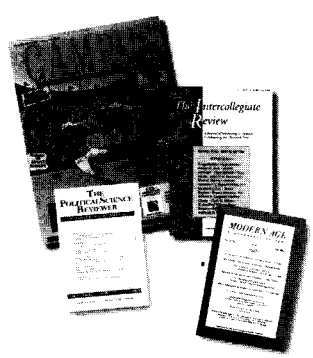

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A moment's pause here is warranted. The true believer in cigars does not inhale, satisfying himself, much as wine tasters do, with the essence, not the deposit. No doubt the habit of inhaling affects one's taste in cigars. I enjoy a variety, but I have one true love, and this is largely because when you inhale, you want a very easy draw.

A wonderfully thoughtful young man, under the guidance, I have reason to believe, of his father, on arriving at my boat for a weekend's sail presented me with a bulky package. The most prodigious variety of cigars ever assembled in a single container, specially got together by Trader Fred (Mascolo). Fred, as he is universally known, lives and practices his profession in Martha's Vineyard, where he has a reputation equivalent to that of Davidoff in Geneva. The standouts in my basket were the Cuesta-Reys: the 8-9-8, Cabinet. No. 95, and Cabinet No. 1884. These were grand, unassertive, deeply satisfying. There were some lovely Hemingway Short Stories, little cigars, about which, once again, a comment. It is that cigars that are *too* small, approaching cigarette size, are to be avoided, in part because they tempt you in the direction of cigarettes, in part because there isn't enough heft in them to husband a true cigar flavor. The Short Stories were fine. There were also AF Classics and Signature. And then . . . then . . . the Hemingway Masterpiece. These were nine-inch tree trunks, the very same cigar got together for the President of the United States when he summered at Martha's Vineyard that year and blew smoke all over the place.

The Montecristo reminds you why, if you have to kill somebody, it makes sense to do it in exchange for such a cigar

After giving the annual Churchill lecture in Cambridge in 1995 I was presented with a box of Alfred Dunhills, which comes with something close to an affidavit to the effect that that is the cigar Churchill truly venerated. It is wonderful, and since women are no longer expelled from the dining room at cigartime, you find yourself wondering why it is that women have not taken the liberty given to them by Title IX of the Civil Rights Act to puff away on one of those beautiful things. Though come to think of it, I am glad that they don't. It wouldn't seem right. On the other hand, women as fighter pilots didn't seem right, and that wasn't so long ago. Better not to make the suggestion. I'll shut up about it.

Years ago someone gave me a Montecristo. The #2 with the tapered end is especially rewarding. There are people who are ready to kill for the real Cuban cigar, and the Montecristo reminds you why, if you have to kill somebody, it makes sense to do it in exchange for one of those. In 1962 I sailed into St. Andrew's in Canada, just past Campobello. My wife and I were hospitably received by a couple she had known since she was a girl. Now our hostess was Rector of the University of British Columbia; her husband, the Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia. After dinner, he passed around his Romeo & Julietas, about half the length of the large beautiful Upmanns, and he told us his story. It was that he received a year's supply of his beloved Romeos every January, and this had been going on for four decades. But then Castro happened, and, focusing on it all, His Honor reflected that this might mean some inconvenience in his continuing arrangements with Romeo & Julieta Cia. Then a few months later he read that the tobacco plantation that sustained his life's happier moments had been confiscated! Letters, telegrams, telephone calls—none were acknowledged; and when December came along, the despondent lieutenant governor was looking at a bare one month's supply.

The call, he told us, came during a board meeting. His secretary asked no further questions when the voice on the telephone announced itself as calling on behalf of Romeo & Julieta. She rushed into the board room and brought the lieutenant governor panting back to the telephone. "'Yes, yes,' I told him, 'I'll send down right away to the American Express office. Now how should I pay you? Cash? Check?'" Bullion? "I'd have given anything, but he said on the telephone: 'Oh, don't worry about it, governor. We'll just put it on your bill until the Castro thing is over.' "

I AM not reliable enough to confirm or deny that cigars have got worse under Castro. It isn't that I haven't tasted Cuban tobacco since 1959. Ten years ago, sailing in Nassau, a thoughtful friend gave me a box of Montecristos, and the next day I found myself going through Customs in Miami. The inspector spotted my box of cigars, verified their provenance, and removed the box, putting it away behind the counter. He gave me a form. I examined it. It was called, "Petition for Waiver." I had thirty days—I was told—in which to appeal the confiscation. I told the inspector, with tears in my voice, that although I had a most obliging doctor, I doubted I could get him to depose that unless I was given back my Cuban cigars I would die of scurvy.

What happens to them after thirty days? I asked. He didn't smile, but there was a wink in his eye. "We burn them, one at a time."

So however I satisfy myself with the occasional Upmann and Montecristo and Trader Fred's beauties, I am pretty faithful to a Dutch cigar discovered in Switzerland. It is about four inches long, a half-inch thick, and the draw is instant, tunneling down through your esophagus, lighting little fires of pleasure and comfort. It is called a Mynheer. The pulse quickens, late in the afternoon, when I approach work cut-off time, my glass of wine, and my Mynheer; and, when in America, *The NewsHour*, with the inevitable bite of Clinton-news. But I can blow my smoke at the screen, and what it all adds up to is synaesthesia, which, we were taught years ago, is the kind of pleasure you get when all your senses are being simultaneously satisfied. □

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Grand Hotels

William A. Rusher

OF COURSE, the answer to the question of where to stay is often severely limited by where you're going. If Moscow is one's destination, the choice is going to be restricted to the hotels on offer in Moscow, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

On the other hand, if your primary intention is simply to Get Away From It All, there's a lot to be said for letting the choice of a hotel determine your destination. You are, after all, going to spend a large part of your time there.

If considerations of time or money restrict you to a destination in the United States (even though it is precisely the recklessness of this country's voting citizens that has prompted you to flee), I offer two excellent choices.

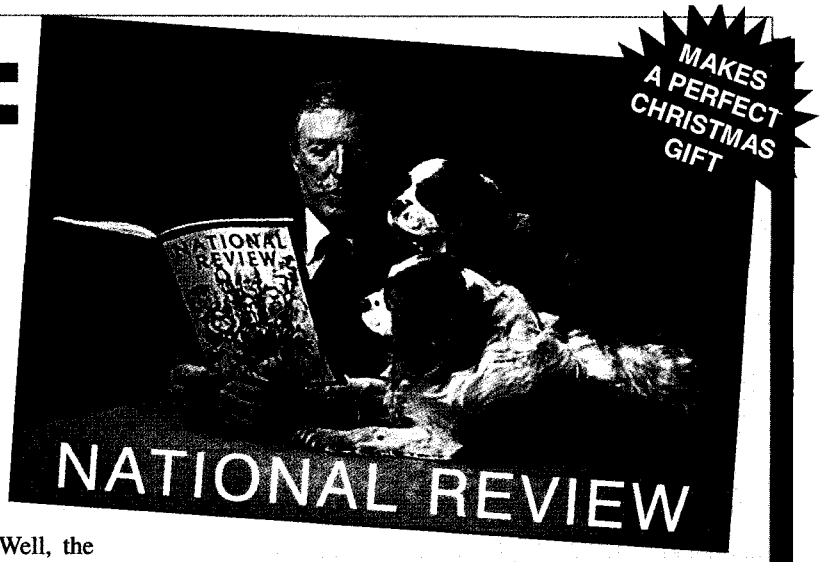
If you want to recuperate amid the charms of an incomparable city, let me suggest the Fairmont Hotel in my current home town, San Francisco. Situated grandly atop Nob Hill, within easy walking distance of almost everything desirable in this (to my mind) most appealing of American cities, the Fairmont has been one of San Francisco's great hostelries since before the earthquake and fire of '06, which it survived so sturdily that it took in hundreds of people who had lost their own homes. I regularly ask friends to meet me there, rather than in my own digs, which are no match for the marble pillars, overstuffed red chairs, afternoon teas, and harp music that characterize the Fairmont's sumptuous lobby.

Moreover, in the days when I was merely a frequent visitor to San Francisco I found the Fairmont superior in almost every other respect as well. The rooms in the original building are large, high-ceilinged, and elegant; those in the later-added Tower Wing offer breathtaking views of the city.

If, on the other hand, you long for relative isolation, there's always the Ritz Carlton Hotel, which sits in lonely grandeur atop a cliff overlooking the Pacific near Laguna Niguel, south of Los Angeles. All the hotels in the Ritz chain are impressive, but this one is just incredible. Ask any employee the way to (say) the pool or the sauna, and he or

Mr. Rusher, NR's former publisher, is a Distinguished Fellow at the Claremont Institute.

Bill Buckley: Editor. Author. Columnist. Poster Boy?



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she will not only point the way but take you there personally. I asked the lady in the gift shop if she carried the *New York Times*. She did, and I asked her to save one for me every day. She not only agreed, but asked, "Would you like it delivered to your room?" I nodded, open-mouthed, and she then trumped herself by asking, "What *time* would you like it delivered?" Now, *that's* service.

But I assume you will want to shake the dust of America from your feet if possible, at least temporarily, and if so why not try one of the nearest—and easiest, and nicest—of destinations? I mean London, of course.

Now, London has a great many magnificent hotels, and I am not about to try to top the Connaught, or Claridge's, or the Savoy. But I recently discovered one that I think you would enjoy. It has been around quite a while, but the Inter-Continental chain has recently taken it over and somebody has spent a lot of money refurbishing it. It is the Churchill, on leafy old Portman Square. Inside, all is spiffy and courteous and up-to-date. Outside is . . . London!

BUT winter is coming on, and you can put a stop to all such nonsense by venturing down to the Southern Hemisphere, where it is late spring. I haven't visited South Africa since the Mandela government took over, but I doubt very much that it has substantially changed, or even wants to change, the Mount Nelson Hotel. This lovely old Cape Town establishment, nestled under Table Mountain, was one of the obligatory stops for globe-girdling Englishmen back in the days of the Empire, and it still bespeaks the grace and old-fashioned values of a better time. It too has a new wing (don't they all?), but this one is low-built like the original, and they share the handsome gardens. In December, January, and February, summer is at its flowery peak, with daily highs around 78, nightly lows near 60, and an average of three rainy days a month. And not far away are the vineyards and the charming Cape Dutch towns: Stellenbosch, Paarl, and so on.

But I assume you will want to shake the dust of America from your feet, and so why not try one of the nearest, and nicest, of destinations?

If, on the other hand, you have always wanted to visit Bangkok, now is the perfect time to do so. Bangkok is ordinarily not only hot but drenchingly humid, with frequent sudden downpours. But in November and December the thermometer plunges to an average of 87 during the day and around 70 at night. Best of all, the two months average only six days of rain between them. This is when Bangkok is at its best, and that is very good indeed.

There are a number of good hotels in Bangkok, but the one that makes all the lists of the World's Ten Best is the Oriental. This is another oldie, with the inevitable Tower. In the old section, airy suites are named after famous guests of yesteryear: Somerset Maugham, Joseph Conrad, and the like. But I recommend the Tower, because the hotel is situated right on the Chao Phraya river, and the Tower's rooms are all designed to have a sweeping view of this incredible waterway. You can sit there for hours, watching the sun glint on the great wats and pagodas, as the huge rafts of teakwood come floating down from upcountry. You might even, if you are lucky, see one of the stately royal barges gliding by, with upturned prow and liveried oarsmen.

Or you can sip a long, cooling drink under the trellised roof of what, in any lesser establishment, would be the coffee shop, which opens onto that fabulous river. Bill Clinton, I promise you, will seem very far away.

But if you have a little money to burn, and really want to leave the United States and its problems behind you, the best place in all the world is the Hotel Bora Bora.

James Michener called Bora Bora the most beautiful island in the South Pacific, and I rise to second the motion. It is one of the islands of French Polynesia, near the end of a chain of volcanic islands that begins with Tahiti itself and includes such lovely links as Moorea, which was plainly the model for Bali H'ai in Michener's *Tales of the South Pacific*.

A transoceanic jet delivers you to Papeete, the chief town of Tahiti. There a much smaller twin-prop will fly you up the chain, to land on the fringing coral reef that surrounds Bora Bora's lagoon and its lush green central *massif*. A motorboat will putt-putt you across the lagoon to the "Hotel" Bora Bora—a complex of thatched-roofed buildings, the largest of which houses the registration desk, the office, and the restaurant. The other buildings are spacious and comfortable huts (or *lanais*), with either one or two rooms, each with full bath. Half of the huts are scattered near the lagoon, perhaps twenty feet away from the warm waters and their wealth of fishy inhabitants. You will find a snorkel and flippers on your bed, waiting for you.

The other huts differ only in that they are built on the very edge of the lagoon, with wooden steps leading down from your sun deck into the water. The fish are amazingly bold. I once sat on a lower step, with only my snorkel sticking out of the water, and watched a silver-blue little rascal barely two inches long play chicken with a tiny piece of French bread I was holding between my fingers. (He finally grabbed it, and raced away.)

For the more venturesome and duly qualified, there are aqualung dives to be made (accompanied by a pro) along the coral wall of the outer reef, where sharks and manta rays abound. And there are catamaran cruises, with picnics aboard, for everyone.

The cuisine in the restaurant, naturally, is French. And I simply cannot imagine a greater felicity than dining on (perhaps) a succulent *rosbif*, accompanied by a haughty Burgundy from *la patrie*, and then strolling back to one's hut, with the moon gleaming through the palm fronds, and falling asleep to the splash of rays chasing fish in the lagoon and the distant boom of the Pacific surf pounding on the outer reef. □

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Wine, Wine Everywhere

Derrick Hill

THE Dole campaign certainly drove many Republicans to drink well before the result was in. But conservatives have standards to maintain. Drowning one's electoral sorrows should be done with a certain style, and that means with wine.

So, what's in the cellar these days? The first wine book I ever bought was like that famous *New Yorker* cover, the one that has Manhattan occupying the front five-sixths of the picture, with the rest of the U.S. and the world crammed into the remainder. In the early 1960s, books on wine began with, and were dominated by, a long tour of the wines of France, and the rest of the world seemed tacked on as an afterthought.

Since then the wine world has changed out of all recognition. Now, although French wines might still predominate, they have to face severe competition from the wines of other countries, all jostling aggressively for attention and, in terms of value for money, deserving it.

Fancy a Cabernet Sauvignon, the grape that produces the classic red Bordeaux? Fine. But it doesn't need to be from Bordeaux, since this grape has proved an intrepid traveler and settler; on every wine-making continent it has become synonymous with "reliable, full-flavored wine."

The Cabernet Sauvignon and Bordeaux-style blends from the U.S. and Australia won't age as powerfully or elegantly; but even when quite young they are riper and softer than top red Bordeaux—and much cheaper. You could try a Cabernet Sauvignon from, say, the Clos du Val winery in the Napa Valley or, from South Australia, a Cabernet/Merlot blend from the Barossa Valley estate of the BRL Hardy company. But this is just the start. You can buy delicious Cabernet Sauvignons from Chile (Caliterra 1994), Argentina (Weinert 1989), New Zealand (Mara Estate 1994), South Africa (Backsberg 1993), Lebanon (where the remarkable Serge Hochar has made his much-sought-after Château Musar despite the years of shot and shell), Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Bulgaria.

And what about the other big B, Burgundy? It's almost the same happy story for the dedicated but impecunious red-wine drinker—almost, because the dominant grape variety, the Pinot Noir, has not proved quite as successful outside its home base as Cabernet Sauvignon. But it is coming on, especially in Oregon (the Firesteed 1993 is wonderfully full-bodied and complex), California (try the Fleur de Carneros 1994), the cooler regions of Australia (Cullens 1995), and Chile (Cono Sur).

With whites the situation is much the same. Of course, as with the reds, if you must have a specific wine, a Sauternes, say, or Puligny-Montrachet, you have no option but to stump up. But if not, the rest of the world offers often sensational wines from the same grapes.

Chardonnay, which makes those wonderful buttery white Burgundies, will grow and make acceptable wines just about everywhere wine is made. Closest to the classic Burgundy style are Chardonnays from California (Villa Mount Eden 1994), Washington State (Château Ste Michelle 1994), Oregon (Willamette Valley 1993), and New York State (Palmer). If you want the more steely style of wines from the Chablis region, then your best bet is something from the Alto Adige in Italy (Cornell 1994), or New Zealand (Montana Marlborough 1995). If you like your Chardonnay rich, ripe, and spicy, tasting of peaches, pineapple, butterscotch, and apricots—to mention only a few of the flavors the experts claim to detect—then we are mainly talking Australia (Penfolds Koonunga Hill), followed by Chile (Concha y Toro Trio 1995), South Africa (Nederburg 1995), Spain (mostly from Penedés).

The big competition for the Chardonnay is the Sauvignon Blanc, which tests the descriptive powers of tasters almost as much. As well as nettles, gooseberries, and asparagus, I have seen its extravagant flavor likened to cat's urine. Some cat. I prefer the refreshing sharpness of Sauvignon Blanc to the generally heavier flavors of Chardonnay. Try a Grove Mill 1995 from New Zealand's South Island and you'll see what I mean.

My own favorite wine-making country is Spain—the result, I admit, of my lifelong Hispanophilia. Anyone who likes red wine to be fruity and complex yet light can do no better than to drink Rioja (look for CUNE, Martínez Bujando, Berberana, and Faustino Martínez), though Ribera del Duero and Penedés are coming along. And now that investment in new technology is banishing Spain's formerly flat, who-needs-them? whites and replacing them with wines altogether fresher and fruitier, my cup truly runneth over. (Keep an eye open for Castillo de San Diego.)

But in wine drinking as in economics, we must have no truck with autarky. Now that virtually the whole world has become the winedrinker's oyster, it would be foolish not to enjoy all it has to offer. □

Mr. Hill is chief editorial writer with the London Daily Express.

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Liquid Crossings

Quentin Letts

IT IS some years now since Noah hauled up the gangplank and embarked on the trip that would deposit him atop Mount Ararat. It seems a fair time to hail that resourceful old salt as the forefather of a business which has in recent months been, well, buoyant: cruising.

In my grandmother's day, the smart people going out to India from Britain went "POSH"—port out, starboard home. This afforded them more shade as they languished in their cabins, where, to pass the hours, they played canasta or immersed themselves in *Punkahwallahs—A User's Guide* to prepare themselves for the rickshaw luggers, the hot and cold running bearers, and the many other amenities which awaited them on disembarkation in Bombay.

For all the people who in grandmother's day traveled "POSH" there were, presumably, sun-fried wretches who voyaged "SOPH." Of these stout subjects we seldom hear. I suspect that more than a handful of them were landowners and titled Berties (the sort New York newspapers to this day insist on calling "the ruling classes of England" even though they last held control of the kingdom circa 1650). It is one of the characteristics of the English toff that no matter the acreage of his front parlor or the grandeur of his country seat, he is never happier than when saving money.

These days the POSH thing is redundant, mainly because the cruise ships go round and round in the Caribbean, a flotilla in search of an empty horizon. My uncle Christopher, while serving in the Kenya Regiment in the Sixties, found himself taking a circular cruise around Africa's Lake Victoria. One morning he awoke to the realization that they would, that afternoon, cross the Equator. A beery "Crossing

Mr. Letts is New York correspondent of the London Times.

Horizon Lines

TO JUDGE by the activities offered on cruise ships, my notion of what a cruise provides is not shared by many other people. Eating, drinking, dancing, floor shows, karaoke, eating, swimming, viewing midnight exhibits of butter sculpture, eating—it all strikes me as madness. I live in a place where I can do all these things (except possibly viewing butter sculpture). Why should I go on a boat to sample them?

The thing to do on a cruise, which cannot be done anywhere else, is to watch the horizon. This requires a chair on the upper deck. The chairs at the bow get too much wind, the chairs amidships are too close to the activities. Usually there is a suitable chair aft. Bring a book—something rococo, whimsical, unreal: P. G. Wodehouse, Raymond Chandler, Trollope. It must be artful enough to divert the mind, but not so engaging that it holds it, because the purpose of the book is only to rest the eye from its main activity, which is to stare at the line where sea and sky meet. Sometimes another ship passes in the distance, or a cloud, which serve the same eye-resting function. Then it is back to watching the line. All day.

Mr. Brookhiser, an NR *senior editor, is the author of* The Way of the WASP.

A friend of mine in the academy told me that in the Sixties, the era of altered consciousness, he was collecting blue books after an exam, and one of his students assured him that this was the best essay he had ever written. When the professor opened it, he found that his student had simply inscribed a straight line, over and over, on every line of every page of the blue book. The horizon is this line. But on a cruise ship, there is no test. The only thing that's blue is water and air. You never have to hand them in.

The other thing to do on cruise ships is stargaze. When we look at a night sky on land, we and the stars are still; only the wind moves. A ship at night surges along, but the stars are still just the same. Sometimes the ship will offer a telescope and some knowledgeable employee. This is the only activity I allow. I earned an astronomy merit badge at Boy Scout camp, but I have forgotten a lot (where is Cassiopea's husband?) and there are constellations over the Caribbean that never visit the Adirondacks.

Periodically the ship docks, and again almost everybody does the wrong thing. The ports of the Caribbean (which is where I have cruised) are stuffed with stores selling jewelry, perfume, cigarettes, alcohol, Lladro figurines—all of it available at home. Why sail hundreds of miles to shop?

The easy-living approach to shore leave is to get away from the main streets. Nothing has happened in these places since Alexander Hamilton and the Empress Josephine left. Why buck the trend? The music helps set the mood. Steel drums are aimless as rain. It is pleasant to hear the rasta poses of reggae painlessly assimilated to "Yellow Bird" and "Marianne."

Happily, every port in the Caribbean is so tiny that getting off the main drag is easy. Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas was laid out in a grid pattern by Danish engineers who had never been there, so streets shoot straight up steep slopes, sometimes ending in staircases. On one of those hills, behind the Lutheran Church, is a Greek restaurant in an old house. The food is decent, the view is nice. Next door is an old hotel with a dark bar. No view, more drinks.

When that's done, take a cab over the hill to the other side of the island where there is a beach in a park with a small bar. If you take your drink out onto a float, a waitress in a bikini will wade out to replenish it. Or just lie in the water all by yourself, under the sky. In the line. —RICHARD BROOKHISER

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the Line" party was immediately announced, to great success.

Two days later, just as the boat's company was recovering, my uncle, who has the constitution of a water buffalo as well as a schoolboy's interest in latitudes, awoke to the realization that they were about to cross the Equator again. Party hats were retrieved, the band was shaken from its slumbers, and a second party was held, to equal success, and the death of several more cases of Tusker ale.

Seafaring has always been agreeably alcoholic. Coleridge's ancient mariner, when recounting his parched throat and raging thirsts, spoke for the whole trade union. If you think that the thousands of good Americans who hoist their trunks aboard the West Indian cruise liners of today do so simply for those afternoon lectures in macramé craft, you are mistaken. At sea the disapproving ethic has no purchase. Not since the Pilgrim Fathers hit land has a naval man scowled at the offer of a highball, and on cruise liners Americans can drink their fill all the hours of the day.

In the days I traveled regularly between Britain and Ireland, crossing the St. George's Channel (which some call the Irish Sea) was a queasy business, and anaesthetic of some form was often needed. The line at the Guinness pumps was long, for no barman, even on a ferry at dead of night midway between Holyhead and Dun Laoghaire, will hurry his pouring of a pint of stout.

Drinkers, as soon as they got their pints, would lurch from the front of the line straight to the back, there to start waiting for their next turn. Even in the roughest sea, the Guinness line remained intact, its members swaying, silent, in tune with the elements.

Paul Penn-Simkins, a London acquaintance, has on occasion worked as chaperone to a charming musical duo, the Bibby sisters. Sally and Nicola Bibby, English roses, play bucolic duets and are a steady booking on British cruise lines. They are now so experienced that they play even in the roughest weather, evoking the spirit of the band of the *Titanic*, who continued in their tails—keeping time—while the ship went down. "One night it became so choppy that the girls' piano rolled off the stage," recalls Penn-Simkins. "Sally dropped a semibreve, but caught up when the next trough came along in the force-nine gale."

From the oligarchy of the captain's table to the satisfying smarminess of the purser, the cruise is the perfect redoubt for the careworn. The drone of the engines drowns out the snore of one's spouse, and the spray of sea salt cleans the spirit's wounds. Try it, I urge you. But please, do not fall in. □

Ambrosia & Amnesia

Robert H. Bork

IT WAS the worst of the worst of times *and* the worst of times. It was the election from hell. Our long national nightmare turned out to be only halfway over.

How can we forget, how can we take the edge off our pain (perhaps the only pain Bill Clinton does not feel)? Different strategies will occur, but one of the most promising is the judicious use of alcohol. One cannot, of course, begin the forgetting process at breakfast and continue through the day, since that would have devastating effects on one's career, marriage, and liver. The tactic is definitely recommended, however, for the early evening hours when, as you zap around the TV channels, you are all too likely to come without warning upon the Clinton visage. That can be a nasty shock to your nervous system. If you have not prepared yourself in advance, it will be too late to avoid the damage and you will totter off to bed to lie awake staring into the dark or to toss fitfully dreaming of fallen republics. Just the right amount of alcohol taken at the right time will, however, enable you to see the humor in America's having a Banana Republic government, and to fall asleep congratulating yourself on having risen above despair.

The choice of drink, however, is crucial. Wine spritzers will not do it. Here we enter upon controversial territory, and what I am about to say will doubtless be resented bitterly by some conservatives. We must face the fact, however, that these things are not mere matters of personal preference. There is no room here for alcoholic relativism. Just as there are spiritual truths, so there are spiritous truths.

Wine having been dismissed, we may also eliminate, though with less certainty, bourbon. It is sweeter than alcohol should be, and it is likely to depress and make one maudlin when confronted with the Clinton countenance. Scotch is a better bet, but it is is not a bracing drink and so lacks the capacity to tone us up in the way that we will need in these dark days. No, there is only one drink

Mr. Bork is the author most recently of Slouching Towards Gomorrah.

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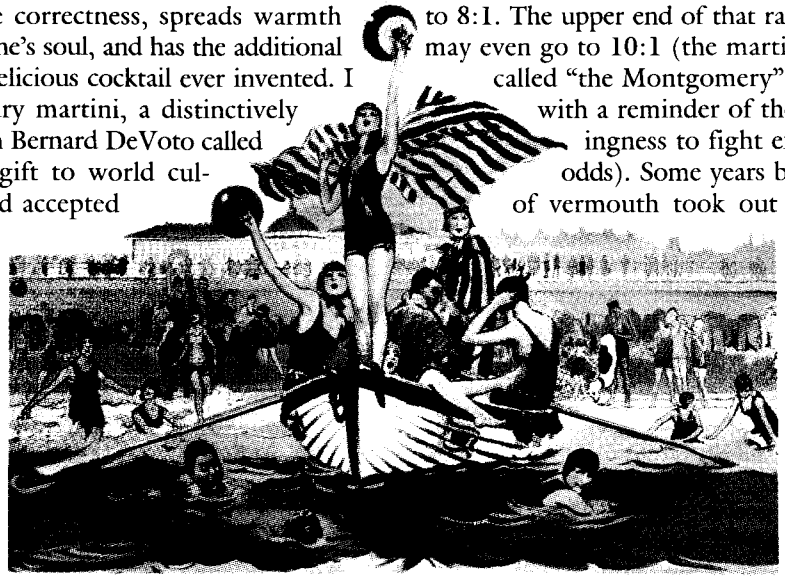
that conveys conservative correctness, spreads warmth and courage throughout one's soul, and has the additional merit of being the most delicious cocktail ever invented. I refer, of course, to the dry martini, a distinctively American invention, which Bernard DeVoto called the "supreme American gift to world culture." (Not that the world accepted the gift very eagerly: until recently the only sure way to get a decent martini in England was to go behind the bar and make it yourself. Most of the rest of the world is hopeless.)



The awful truth, however, is that the martini was on the verge of extinction. Just a few years back, no one under the age of forty drank it. Though I can hardly take full credit for the drink's resurgence, I made a contribution. When I was a judge, I used to tell my clerks, who had never tasted one, that martinis are essential to cultural conservatism. Furthermore, I described the ideal recipe. Several of them accepted my argument, with only one unfortunate result: they took to entering bars in Washington and ordering "Judge Bork martinis." This gave a somewhat false picture of life in my chambers.

I recall once seeing a martini 'on the rocks' and murmuring, 'Oh, the horror, the horror!'

Well, then, what is the description of the proper, indeed the perfect, martini? There is in this matter, as on every serious subject, a number of heresies. In the first place, a drink made with vodka is not a martini. A martini means gin. Second, olives are to be eschewed, except by people who think a martini is a type of salad.

Finally, the martini must be straight up. I recall once seeing a martini "on the rocks" and murmuring, "Oh, the horror, the horror!" Insofar as "on the rocks" indicates a form of bankruptcy, it is a perfectly accurate description of gin and vermouth on ice. There should be some small amount of water in a martini (that is inevitable in the chilling process and makes the drink smoother), but when it is served on the rocks, the amount of water keeps increasing, depriving the martini of its special tang. That is no doubt why Lowell Edmunds writes in *The Silver Bullet* that "the martini on the rocks is an abomination, and must be classed with fast foods, rock 'n' roll, snowmobiles, acid rain, polyester fabrics, supermarket tomatoes, and books printed on toilet paper as a symptom of anomy."

Well, what is the recipe for the perfect martini? Edmunds says the proportion of gin to vermouth may range from 4:1 to 8:1. The upper end of that range is preferable, and one may even go to 10:1 (the martini that American officers called "the Montgomery" to annoy British officers with a reminder of the Field Marshall's unwillingness to fight except with overwhelming odds). Some years back a despairing producer of vermouth took out ads advocating 3:1 and asserting that "a dry martini is not a hooker of gin." Not quite, but a hooker of icy gin would be infinitely preferable to a 3:1 martini.

The three best gins, in my view, are Bombay, Bombay Sapphire, and Tanqueray, but it is possible to make a fine martini with lesser gins. Domestic vermouths are to be avoided. My favorite French vermouth is Boissière. A piece of lemon rind is to be twisted so that lemon oil comes out of the skin. I am usually unable, however, to get enough oil to drop from the rind to the surface of the martini and so, contrary to the best practice, I place the rind in the drink. The martini should be served in a stemmed glass that has been chilled until it is as cold as possible.

The martini is a very potent cocktail. It is not to be drunk rapidly, but rather sipped and savored. That said, this cocktail is not merely the best means of restoring the tissues, as Bertie Wooster would put it, but also the best means of restoring one's sanity and sense of humor after the carnage of the '96 election. The martini was brought back by Republicans with the '94 elections; it will help us forget '96 as we yearn for 1998 and 2000. □

Remote Places

Alistair McAlpine

A CAUTION for those planning their election-escape travel: you might think that the more remote the place the safer, but that is not always so.

Northern Australia, for example, would seem an ideal place to hide from politics. In Arnhem Land especially there are wonderful jungles and dark rivers filled with giant crocodiles—no politician would face such hazards. Furthermore, outsiders are allowed into Arnhem Land, home to many of Australia's Aboriginals, only if they have the appropriate permit.

On one occasion I traveled to Rammagin, a small settlement, to visit a tribal elder. The first night we camped on a

Alistair McAlpine is the author of Letters to a Young Politician.

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narrow track high above a dry river bed. When traveling in Australia, never be tempted to sleep in dry river beds. They are sandy and soft to lie in, but unbelievably dangerous: a storm a hundred miles away can send a wall of water rushing down a river that has been dry for years.

As it turned out, the track was not a sensible place to bed down either. In the middle of the night a car came by with approximately 12 Aboriginals on board. Luckily they had ghetto blasters playing at full volume. My party, woken just in time, scrambled into the bush. The Aboriginals went on their merry way unaware of the narrowly avoided disaster. Now, if we had slept on a road near Sydney or Melbourne we might have expected to be run over, but this was a track in an almost inaccessible jungle.

The next day was hell in miniature, as we crossed 130 rivers of different sizes in about a hundred miles, and not a bridge over any of them. On the third day we reached Rammagin and asked for the elder whom I sought. I was told that he was gone. "Gone hunting or fishing?" I asked.

"No. Gone to Geneva for a conference." A conference of native people to discuss among other things how to become politically active. So I give this warning, that in the heart of even the darkest and most beautiful jungle you cannot avoid politics.

Christmas Island, a remote rock in the Indian Ocean between Indonesia and Australia, has nine varieties of bird seen nowhere else, but the place is pure politics. In Afghanistan the political parties campaign with machine guns and missiles, so that the country, while being remote as few places are remote, is not recommended. In South America the nations seem to change governments as most of us change shirts. As for Europe, the whole place is seething with politics; indeed, a great fight is beginning between the unelected bureaucrats and those who believe that people should decide their own futures. All riveting stuff for political junkies, but tedious in the extreme for anyone else.

However, I have discovered a haven in Europe: Italy. Now, considering that Italy has had more governments, and therefore more political campaigns, than there have been years since the end of World War II this may seem a bizarre choice. The fact is, however, that although I live there, I do not understand a word of the language, so I am generally immune from the politics. But I had a nasty shock the other day in the town where I reside, Venice. I was having my habitual sandwich of tuna fish and boiled egg for breakfast when suddenly the immensely beautiful Campo Arsenale was filled with girls and boys all wearing green shirts. The Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides are in town, I thought —how wonderful that so many of Italy's young people are serious enough to join these worthy organizations.

Then my day was ruined. I spotted a placard written in English, for, I suppose, the benefit of the American media. I realized that there I was in the midst of a demonstration by the curious Mr. Bossi's political party, the Northern League. They were declaring independence for Northern Italy. In the time it took to eat my breakfast I was transported involuntarily from living in Italy to living in Padonia. I now know how Garibaldi must have felt when, having campaigned remorselessly for the uniting of the many separate Italian states into the nation of Italy, he found that his own part of the state of Piedmont was given to the French. At the moment of his triumph Garibaldi was suddenly a Frenchman.

So do not go to the great cities in Italy. Go instead to a secret place, Apulia. Apulia is the heel of Italy, a quiet place where foreigners never go, prices are cheap, and nothing much ever happens among the tobacco fields and olive groves. Stay in the baroque city of Lecce, visit the ancient town of Otranto, and look out toward Corfu and Albania—both can be seen on a clear day. Wander in the narrow streets of towns that deny a changing world. Visit churches, look at fine sculpture and important paintings—the air is fresh and the people polite. Politics surely can never have been here? □

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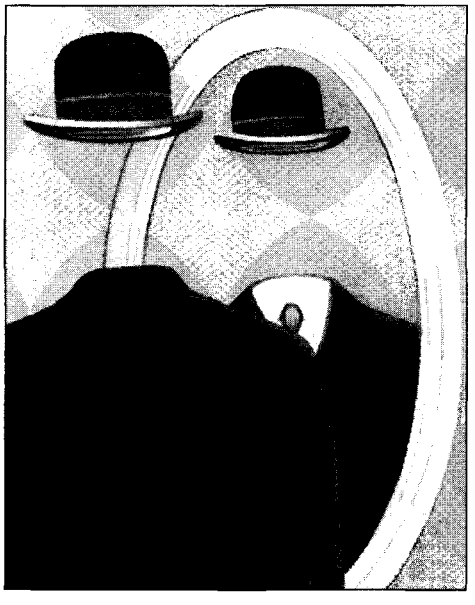
Mistaken Identities

Ideological attempts to liberate mankind from traditional sources of personal identity have led to self-doubt, and low-intensity civil war.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

IN HIS *New Yorker* review of the biography of Philip Larkin, Martin Amis gave a strong defense of Larkin against the charges of sexism, racism, moral squalor, and so on, then making the literary rounds. Much of this defense was built around the idea that Larkin had grown up at a time when racism, as now defined, was so common as not to invite censure, and when sexism did not exist as a category of sin into which one could fall. But, perhaps feeling that he needed to guard Larkin against the secondary charge of making no effort at all to move when the times did, Mr. Amis reflected as follows:

> Larkin the man is separated from us, historically, by changes in the self. For his generation, you were what you were, and that was that. It made you unswervable and adamantine. My father has this quality. I don't. None of us do. There are too many forces at work on us. There are too many fronts to cover. In the age of self-improvement, the self is inexorably self-conscious . . .



Mr. Amis is making an important point here: that this concept of the self as almost infinitely malleable has been so widely popularized, moving from the philosophy lecture room to the cinema, that it is now challenging an older religious and social concept of identity, built around such ideas as conscience and the soul. This modern theory of identity has broken out of the laboratory and, as in a 1950s science-fiction movie, is stalking through the town, inserting itself into the heads of regular citizens, and transforming them into other-directed aliens.

Of course, the two theories start with much in common: namely, that an individual identity is put together from three elements. The first is that set of psychological abilities innate to all human beings and evident in early childhood—consciousness, memory, and the moral sense.

Consciousness makes us aware of ourselves as existing separately from others. Memory extends that awareness backward through time. And the moral sense tells us the terms on which we should deal with those others. Together they generate that aspect of identity we call the conscience. This is more than just a voice telling us not to take wrong actions here and now. It forces us to feel moral responsibility for past actions, and so helps to establish identity as something that exists through time.

It is sometimes said of a vicious criminal who has undergone a moral transformation in prison and performed good works, that he should be released because he is clearly "no longer the man who committed the crimes." But would the criminal himself agree? Ian Brady, the Moors murderer, who tortured and killed several children, is on record as saying that someone who has committed such crimes has indefinitely forfeited any right of release. Indeed, criminals like the Birdman of Alcatraz, who seemed to experience a moral transformation, probably did so precisely because they felt they were the same men who had committed the crimes and wanted to build up equally impressive services on the opposite side of the moral ledger. They wanted to atone.

Mr. O'Sullivan is NR*'s editor. This essay—a longer form of which appeared in* The New Criterion*—is based on a paper delivered at a conference, "On Conservative Realism," in Windsor, England, the proceedings of which will shortly be published by HarperCollins U.K. as* Conservative Realism: New Essays in Conservatism.

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The second set of qualities making up identity is our genetic inheritance from our particular parents. Psychologists seem to have established that we are predisposed by our individual genes to have a particular level of IQ, to enter particular occupations, to attend particular churches, to marry a particular kind of spouse, to be law-abiding or criminal, mad or sane, healthy or sick, friendly or suspicious, shy or forward, party animal or wall-flower, long- or short-lived, and even, as W. S. Gilbert foretold, "either a little Liberal, or else a little Conservative."

Every school class has a class hero, a class clown, a class bully, a class victim. Such identities cling. His fellows expect certain kinds of behavior from him; he learns to provide or modify them as popularity dictates.

WHICH brings us to the third element in identity: the influence of environment. For many of the most important components of identity arise from our being born in a particular family, in a particular place, at a particular time in history, and therefore into a particular set of traditions and customs. The first language we learn is an accident of birth. Our religious identity is something we embrace long before we can grasp its importance. Our sexuality is probably determined in the main genetically, but how we regard it is at least strongly influenced by social custom. We pick up the manners of our social class, assuming them to be universal laws of good behavior. We obtain automatic membership in our nation or ethnic group, together with a legacy of accompanying songs, myths, and stories. And all of these things, though external and pre-existing, are absorbed by our fledgling identity and become as much a part of us as our temperament, our IQ, or our digestion. Some of the most important elements of our identity are external, accidental, and above all social.

From the point of view of the traditional theory of identity, that poses little or no problem. "Art is man's nature," said Burke, and man is a social animal who draws upon social materials in building his identity. Without the influence of society, a person's identity would be like Hobbes's description of natural society: solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short (and, one might add, speechless). The social elements in identity are the means whereby someone's natural gifts and disposition enter the world.

And as we grow older, we also grow increasingly discriminating in the use we make of them. We reflect upon our condition and circumstances—which is why, incidentally, we cannot be successfully conditioned. We may quietly reject some things our parents hold dear. We may change our religion. Or learn a new set of manners, whether as conscious social climbing or simply through frequent exposure to a different class. As Shirley Letwin wrote in *The Anatomy of Thatcherism*: "A human being in possession of his faculties is never merely potter's clay. He is himself both potter and clay because he necessarily decides what to make of whatever happens to him."

But what exactly does this shaping and choosing? The religious answer to this question is the soul. Not that the soul controls identity in a manipulative way, as a driver controls a train, but it is at the core of identity. Around it consciousness, memory, genetic endowment, language, nationality, and all the rest form, so to speak, concentric trenches, inhabited by simultaneous translators, theologians, lawyers, strategists, game-players, and, above all, public-relations advisors through whom it deals with external reality. The result is an identity which, seen from outside, may have many facets, but which is nonetheless built around a central core.

It is this concept that the modern theories of identity reject—and nominate various identities to replace it. They all begin, however, by attempting to discredit the notion of a central core of identity as a reality separate from its experiences. Thus, David Hume writes:

> The mind is a kind of theatre, where several perceptions successively make their appearance; pass, re-pass, glide away, and mingle in an infinite variety of postures and situations. There is properly no simplicity in it at one time, nor identity in different; whatever natural propension we may have to imagine that simplicity and identity.

If there is no there there, however, how do they account for the illusion of one? Quite simply, that it is a false identity put there by other people: your parents, your neighbors, your countrymen, and, if you are a child of seven or under, the Jesuits. This false identity consists not only of the digested influences of class, nation, locality, sex, and so on, but also of the moral consciousness we feel to exist at the center of our being. For one school of theorists, notably Marxism, liberation consists precisely of freeing oneself from this false consciousness.

According to more radical philosophers, however, the man who liberates himself from this primitive prison of false identity does not thereby achieve autonomy. He stumbles out onto a crowded stage, and he is there handed a variety of masks which he assumes in response to the hints, shouts, murmurs, and prompts from other actors in a play co-authored by Hume and Luigi Pirandello. Here is Laudisi, a character in Pirandello's "Right You Are—If You Think So," explaining the theory to Signora Sirelli:

> LAUDISI: Now, you have touched me, have you not? And you see me? And you are absolutely sure about me, are you not? Well now, madam, I beg of you; do not tell your husband, nor my sister, nor my niece, nor Signora Cini here, what you think of me; because, if you were to do that, they would all tell you that you are completely wrong. But, you see, you are completely right: because I am really what you take me to be; though, my dear madam, that does not prevent me also being really what your husband, my sister, my niece, and Signora Cini take me to be—because they too are absolutely right!
>
> SIGNORA SIRELLI: In other words you are a different person for each of us.

This is a world in which identities are created by situations. What holds a personality together is a set of skills for coping with external reality. Identities are mere roles or masks we use to deal with other people.

These ideas have spread widely in philosophy, psychology, and dinner-table conversation. But Woody Allen produced their *reductio ad absurdum* in *Zelig*—the story of

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a man so responsive to the expectations of others that he becomes in succession a radical Communist, a Hooverite conservative, an orthodox Jew, and a Nazi. And he assumes these identities convincingly because he is conscious of lacking an authentic identity of his own.

Here then is the existential choice offered by modern theories of identity: we can be either dummies surrounded by ventriloquists, or the landlords of a vacant lot.

This is, of course, an intolerable choice. But there is an escape hatch: if other people can insert a false identity into the empty space in my head, surely I can insert an authentic self in its place—authentic because consciously shaped by myself rather than simply a psychological "given" I discover in childhood and adolescence. And the principle upon which this new identity can be selected has been laid down by the greatest living American psychologist, Tom Wolfe, in his essay "The Me Decade." It began life as an advertising slogan: "If I have only one life to live, let me live it as a blonde."

In its simplest form, the new identity is constructed by selecting a facet of someone's given identity, and elevating it to the whole

To the old question: is there a ghost in the machine? we can now answer: No, but there is a consumer. And the consumer selects his new identity from the vast range of moral possibilities that the modern world throws up.

In its simplest form, the new identity is constructed by selecting a facet of someone's given identity, and elevating it to the whole. George Orwell described this in a 1948 review of Sartre's *Portrait of an Anti-Semite*:

> "The" anti-Semite, he seems to imply . . . is always the same kind of a person, recognizable at a glance and, so to speak, in action the whole time. Actually one has only to use a little observation to see that anti-Semitism . . . in any but the worst cases, is intermittent. But [this] would not square with Monsieur Sartre's atomized view of society. There is, he comes near to saying, no such thing as a human being, there are only different categories of men, such as "the" worker, and "the" bourgeois, all classifiable in much the same way as insects.

A recent example of this kind of identity-building is the gay identity. For a gay is not simply a homosexual; he is someone who has made homosexuality the basis of an entire personality and outlook—morals, politics, and social relations. This will tend to make him hostile to societies organized to favor heterosexuality and the family, and persuade him to advocate policies that seek not tolerance but the transformation of traditional attitudes.

This kind of response is by no means universal among homosexuals. Even today when pressures such as "outing" seek to enforce a gay identity on all homosexuals, many of them regard homosexuality as just one facet of their identity—whether an advantage, or a curse, or simply a slightly awkward fact about themselves—which has little bearing on the rest of their lives outside the bedroom. Their support for sexual reform will tend to go no further than social tolerance and the repeal of punitive laws. They may find the gay identity mysterious, alien, too narrow to express their entire personality, even repellent.

SELF-CONSCIOUS identity-building is very different from the earlier argument of Shirley Letwin that traditional identity can be modified by reason's deciding to emphasize some aspects of one's environment at the expense of others. The difference is that between piecemeal self-improvement and the wholesale reconstruction of the personality. Someone attempting piecemeal reform will usually refer to what he is doing in modest terms—"I'm trying to be more punctual." Someone engaged in ideological reconstruction of himself will see it in dramatic, even religious terms, as becoming a different sort of human being. He will be re-making himself in accordance with some revelation, either some new principle of reason outside himself, or some inner prompting of the personality, or even both—some impulse extracted from inside himself and expanded into a universal truth about human nature. Thus a lesbian, uncomfortable with femininity, will eventually be struck by the blinding revelation that all gender roles are socially constructed.

Such illumination is not confined to the Left. An example on the political Right is the ideological definition of American nationality—the claim that America is unlike other nations in that its nationality is neither ethnic nor cultural, but consists of embracing the principles of liberty and equality set out in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Constitution. To be sure, there is a philosophical component in American nationality which the Declaration dramatizes. But that liberalism, important though it is, is merely the conscious political expression of a much more extensive and liberty-soaked national culture which arises from a common language, history, institutions, and the shared experience of living together in the same country. And what shapes Americans and American national identity is the richness of the entire culture, not merely its conscious political expression.

But cannot someone become an American? And if so, does that not establish the validity of the idea of American national identity as something to be chosen rather than merely accepted? That is certainly the view inherent in America's civic religion of itself: that new U.S. citizens are every bit as American as the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. But it is a pious fallacy. A new U.S. citizen may have as many legal rights as a native-born American, but he has not been as shaped by the American experience. And if he has become an American out of sympathy for liberal principles, then his American identity ought to wax and wane in response to the course both of American history and of his own convictions. Suppose that America fails to live up to his political views? Or that he changes those views? Very likely a consistent philosopher would be feeling twinges of disloyalty after the first week.

A truer version of becoming an American would be that it is a process that is perceived only in retrospect. A foreigner residing here who has married an American, brought up American children, lived an American life in all the everyday respects from school to supermarket, and

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worried through the nation's crises, will one day wake up to find that he has become an American. No decision was necessary; no decision could have worked this transformation. U.S. citizenship is merely a legal ratification of this psychological evolution.

Once identity becomes a matter of choice or conscious decision, however, a Rubicon has been crossed. And given the spirit of the age, we could hardly expect such metaphysical ventures to be left to individual enterprise. Indeed, American bureaucrats and the Ford Foundation have created an entire ethnic identity by a stroke of the pen. In 1973, the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) promulgated Statistical Directive Number 13, as Michael Lind recounts in *The Next American Nation*, dividing Americans into five ethnic groups, notably Hispanics. Now, Hispanics are not a national group; they include Cubans, Mexicans, Colombians, Chileans, even Spaniards. Nor are they a racial category—since they cover whites, blacks, and Amerindians. Nor—and this is a surprise—are they even a linguistic category, because they include people with Spanish surnames from families which have not spoken Spanish for generations or, as in the case of some Mexican Amerindians, from families which have never spoken Spanish at any time in history. Indeed, as Linda Chavez has pointed out, it is quite difficult for anyone with a Spanish surname to escape being educated in Spanish in the public schools, even if he cannot speak the language. The bureaucrats insist that he must be brought up in his own culture—even if it is not his culture and, indeed, insofar as it is a bureaucratically defined hybrid-Hispanic culture, may not be anyone's culture, except possibly that of a Clinton Cabinet appointee.

IT GOES almost without saying that an identity built upon one facet of a personality will be impoverished alongside the richness of an identity which reflects the full range of influences upon a life. The Marxist categories of proletarian and bourgeois are useless except as economic categories. If a young Marxist intellectual were to ask for advice on how to live a good proletarian life, what advice would we give him? It would almost certainly not include, say, the breeding of racing pigeons, nor buying an allotment, though both are important components of a genuine working-class life in Northern England. Invented identities, which reconstruct the personality in line with some ideal, produce a one-dimensional man.

In addition to being thin, moreover, such identities are highly precarious. In Thomas Mann's *Felix Krull,* the hero is traveling in a comfortable first-class train compartment, to all intents and purposes a young aristocrat. As a train attendant is leaving his compartment, Krull smiles at him—a smile, he says, "that assuredly confirmed him in his conservative principles to the point where he would gladly have fought and died for them." The point, however is that Krull is a confidence trickster who has to calculate such effects with precision, because his hold on an aristocratic identity is precariously self-conscious.

A real-life instance is the eagerness with which gays greet any scientific work which suggests that homosexuality may be rooted in the genes. In theory, they need not worry about the tyranny of nature over sexual identity. "Queer theory," like feminist theory, has allegedly established that gender is socially constructed. Yet they give an almost desperate endorsement to the authority of science and nature when that seems likely to support the naturalness and inevitability of the identity that appeals to them.

Third—and most significant—the invented identity is both parasite and adversary toward the real thing. An invented identity, as we saw above, will model itself on an existing one. Gay families mimic traditional families by copying the parental role and demanding such rights as pension rights for domestic partners. But they are unable to perform important aspects of the role, such as childbearing, and they are often unwilling to accept its disciplines, such as sexual fidelity. Invented national identities similarly copy the outward shell of real nations. For instance, the European Union is gradually acquiring a flag, an anthem, citizenship, and even an army without the prior substance of a single people with a sense of community and allegiance.

Although they may be fraudulent, these imitations naturally weaken real identities by sucking the significance out of the customs and practices that bolster them. If, for instance, unofficial and transient relationships have their financial arrangements underpinned by the state, then the family derives no special significance from the fact that its own arrangements are similarly protected.

But the hostility of the invented identity goes beyond this parasitism. As Kenneth Minogue pointed out in *Alien Powers,* the first impulse of someone who has thrown off his old identity and embraced a new one is an evangelical one. He wants to tell everyone that once he was blind, but now he sees. And what he sees is that his old identity was a fraud and an imposition, and that their current identity still is. Hence, new identities attack and seek to replace their counterparts among existing identities. The gay or feminist identity will define itself by opposition to the traditional sexual identities of male and female. These it will decry as socially constructed and consequently false and oppressive—"heterosexism" in the approved jargon.

As for national identities, the rivalry between ideological nationalisms—analyzed with devastating irony by Elie Kedourie in *Nationalism*—and taken-for-granted, ethnocultural loyalties can be harsh. Thus, Canadian nationalism—the bilingual, manufactured-in-Ottawa kind—defines itself by hostility to the actual nationalisms of Quebec and English Canada, especially the latter as the nationalism of the majority. It is also hostile to the seductive English-speaking identity next door. A Canadian nationalist's first claim is that he is "not American."

"If I knew I was going to have such a flattering obituary, I would have died sooner."

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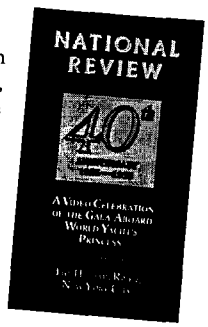

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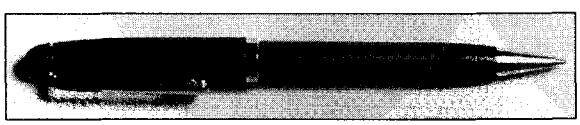

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And in the United States, the theory that America is a nation of immigrants held together only by allegiance to liberal political ideas is in a state of constant tension with the actual American historical identity. For it implies that America is the whole world in microcosm, that everyone is in principle an American, and that therefore America's actual English-speaking culture is merely the property of an ethnic group or a temporary majority and does not deserve to be "privileged" as the culture of the whole society. (That America's constitutional ideas have grown in this soil and might wither in any other is a problem that is only now forcing itself on our attention.) This deracinated philosophical Americanism is now the carrier of multiculturalism, which holds that America is indeed a constitutional umbrella of liberal political ideas, but one sheltering not individuals but the ethnocultural identities of Anglos, Hispanics, blacks, etc. It thereby helps to deconstruct America in the most literal sense by making it a loose federation of cultural identities. The story of the Tower of Babel might have been invented to describe this progress from hubris to incoherence.

WHAT does all this matter? One might in theory suppose that a theory of identity as infinitely plastic would lend to social peace. Surely a widespread acceptance of the malleability of identity would lead to a tolerance of other identities as being as valid (or bogus) as one's own. Alas, it does not seem to be working out that way.

We can imagine why. A plastic definition of identity is, in principle, arbitrary and limitless. There is literally no group, however selected, which cannot conceive of itself as possessing one and thus forming a particular "community." The late Aaron Wildavsky once calculated, tongue in cheek, that groups of this kind (including women, blacks, Eskimos, Hispanics, and the disabled) added up to more than 300 per cent of the American people. So there are more identities to clash. And the process of expansion can provoke conflict when some members of the group reject the proferred identity, and the group as a whole seeks to bring them into line. The outing of private homosexuals by gay activists is just such a conflict which arises when identity is as much a cause as a given fact.

More significantly, identity is not just how we feel about ourselves. To be truly satisfying, our identity needs to be recognized by others. Yet imagine how difficult it must be for some of the groups now in existence to be treated by the rest of society as possessing true identities. For instance, there is the S&M community, a group of sadists and masochists who, according to a 1994 article in *New York* magazine, formed the Eulenspiegel Society, a "masochists' rights" group, in 1971. Sadists were admitted later—doubtless the first expression of the masochists' rights the society exists to protect.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jenkins—freeloaders."

There is little prospect that most people, even those privately attracted to these sexual practices, will ever be prepared to grant respectable social status, let alone official standing, to such groups. But they will continue to push for recognition. An organization of pedophiles did manage to get itself recognized, first, as a non-governmental organization by the United Nations through its membership in a larger gay coalition, and subsequently as a tax-exempt educational group in its own right. This caused political rows, and the group's UN accreditation was withdrawn. But we may expect such demands to be renewed.

And when they are resisted, or even conceded unenthusiastically, the disappointed group will seek to force acceptance. As the philosopher John Gray points out, tolerance is no longer enough for such groups because it implies that the thing tolerated merits disapproval. And disapproval will seem especially insulting when identity is at stake. If someone's actions or beliefs excite disapproval, he may be wounded. If his very identity excites disapproval, he will become outraged and demand a more substantive surrender by his critics, perhaps even the repression of their objections ("hate speech"). In this context, you might say that the pedophiles want to make us cry, "Uncle." They are a long way from success as yet. But the larger gay community has succeeded in transforming the disapproval of critics into a moral-cum-psychological disorder called "homophobia," the main symptom of which is being accused of it.

What maximizes conflict is that this very refusal to extend approval may be implicit in some other identity. Not even the most multicultural feminist can extend tolerance, let alone approval, to an Islamic identity because of its narrow concept of women's education. Similarly, the Afro-centrist or Hispanic activist is bound to reject political arrangements and electoral districts based upon a non-racial or monocultural concept of American identity and demand forms of representation which treat ethnic groups as the building blocks of political society. Hence, the emergence of legal theories, in the writings of Lani Guinier et al, that would revive "fancy franchises" and "concurrent majorities" on the underlying assumption that minorities and majorities are not continually forming and reforming on different issues, but permanently frozen along ethnic and racial lines. In numberless ways, the multiplication of chosen identities leads to social conflict.

When modern psychologists and modernist writers began deconstructing the prison of a rigid and unreflecting identity, they doubtless felt they were liberating the citizens to stroll about in free and equal relationships without bumping into the barriers of race, gender, ethnicity, and class. What they were in fact doing was laying the epistemological ground for low-intensity civil wars. □

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WHAT NOW, LITTLE MAN?

Second Chance

Republicans hope President Clinton will veer drastically Left in his second term. But it's not going to be so easy.

RICH LOWRY

THE signal accomplishment of the 104th Congress was welfare reform. The bill's passage demonstrated that the country has moved irrevocably right and that even the Democrats have had to move along with it—President Clinton, after all, acquiesced in ending the entitlement to AFDC! Or so GOP optimists have argued in an otherwise dreary election year. The problem is that the grand edifice of welfare reform sits on ground so soft it could gradually sink and be swallowed up, never to be seen again. A memo floating around the Clinton Administration from the Education Department demonstrates the bill's vulnerability to an array of administrative actions that are unlikely to garner headlines or stoke popular outrage but that could easily steal away the premier GOP accomplishment of the last two years.

The Education Department memo deals with what seems mind-numbing minutiae—a provision in the welfare bill that allows states to count some vocational training as "work." The intent was to allow up to 20 per cent of those fulfilling the bill's work requirement to be in vocational training or, in the case of teenage mothers, in General Educational Development classes in high school. But the memo proposes a radically different interpretation: that up to 20 per cent of the *entire welfare caseload* can be in training or classes and still take credit for working. This would mean that states could fill the bill's work requirement without anyone's leaving welfare for actual work programs. Such an interpretation would gut the work requirement, and hence welfare reform, all with just a few tweaks of the regulatory machinery.

This is the kind of policy offensive Republicans expect from a second Clinton Administration: stealthy and small-scale, but consequential nonetheless. Republicans after November 5, no matter how many losses they sustain, will argue they have won what's most important, "the debate." Perhaps. But it may not matter. The Clinton White House, alongside its raft of tiny policy proposals, has one project that is grandiose: forcing a tectonic shift in American politics equal to Richard Nixon's energizing the "Silent Majority." Like Nixon, Clinton is operating in an era where he has to cede ground to his ideological opponents to survive. Like Nixon, he seeks to create a new governing majority from the center. If he succeeds, his legacy will be the "Clinton Republican" and a public that has enough confidence in government action that even "the debate" begins to slip away from the GOP.

In a year in which Clinton has said "me too" more often than an ingratiating little brother, his most important rhetorical shift was on the culture. Perhaps the defining event of the second half of Clinton's first term came when he phoned Ben Wattenberg, who had just written the book *Values Matter Most*, and admitted he had been wrong to stray from the social moderation of his 1992 campaign. With this, Clinton had made the first, crucial step to his comeback. Democrats lost in 1988 on the flag, the Pledge of Allegiance, and Willie Horton. In 1994, they lost on "gays, guns, and God." Clinton wasn't going to get beaten on these types of issues again. He reinforced his social moderation in ways big (signing the welfare bill) and small (endorsing the V-chip, school uniforms, and curfews).

Clinton won't be abandoning this—mostly symbolic and usually hypocritical—cultural conservatism any time soon. Nor is he likely to throw overboard his support of the balanced budget and his targeted tax cuts. These are the parameters established by the conservative victory in the intellectual debate: politicians have to be vague social conservatives, endorse a balanced budget, and oppose broad tax increases. That still leaves plenty of wiggle room, and Clinton maneuvers brilliantly within it. Republicans, on the other hand, accustomed to arguments over the big, fram-

Mr. Lowry is NR's *national political reporter.*

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ing issues, seem ill equipped to fight over the details. "We have to come to terms with the fact that he has learned to flourish in a political and intellectual environment that is largely hostile," says a high-level Republican official. "We've still got to learn to function in the same environment, ironically."

What does this mean for his second term? No one can say for sure. Much obviously depends on who controls Congress. And Clinton himself, if his first term is any guide, probably isn't sure what exact direction he wants to take yet—a major push on education, a package for the inner cities, who knows? Huge staff turnover at the White House will contribute further to the uncertainty. But whether the Democrats retake Congress or not, pressures on Clinton from the Left will be considerable; labor unions, feminist groups, and the environmentalists have invested tens of millions in Clinton and the Democrats. The GOP hopes that some combination of their strong-arming and the "true" convictions of the Clintons will produce easily attacked liberal proposals from the Administration. Don't bet on it.

By the end of his second term (assuming he serves it all) Clinton will have appointed half the federal judiciary

THE quickest Clinton about-face will be a bow to Republicans. Shortly after the election Clinton will probably be forced to take serious steps to staunch the bleeding in the Medicare system. With the Medicare Trust Fund losing $4.2 billion in fiscal year '96 and $9.8 billion since June 1995, reform is unavoidable. Clinton softened his attacks on the GOP Medicare plans near the end of the campaign—even as the hammer-blows of the union attack-ads continued. More importantly, Chief of Staff Panetta says Clinton wants Medicare and Social Security reform to be the "legacy" of his Administration and that he'll appoint bi-partisan commissions to study both. Saving these entitlements gives Clinton the sort of "big" initiatives his re-election campaign had lacked.

These presumably bi-partisan efforts also have a hidden reward for the Left: more money available for discretionary spending. Also, there's more for the Left than meets the eye in the small-bore proposals Clinton has been touting for a year. Some of them are truly risible: creating a national phone number for non-emergency police calls, expanding the Family and Medical Leave Act to allow parents to attend parent–teacher conferences, etc. But others, as Kate O'Beirne argued last issue, re-legitimize government and create the ground for further expansions of the public sector. Firmly in this category are Clinton's vague proposals to expand health insurance for the unemployed and for poor children, which promise to strain the private health-insurance market and make it riper for further government intervention. "What he is doing," explains a top GOP congressional aide, "is planting seeds."

Yet more sustenance for the Left will come from the Administration's efforts in the areas of regulation and appointments. If there is payback owed to Clinton's base, here is where it will come. By the end of his second term (assuming he serves it all), Clinton will have appointed roughly 50 per cent of the federal judiciary—a gift to his liberal base that will keep on giving. And if the commitment to balance the budget prevents new spending initiatives, regulation provides an opening for new activism. With an eye to pleasing the labor unions, the workplace will be fertile regulatory ground. New OSHA rules over, say ergonomic work stations to avoid repetitive-stress injuries, would cast a vast net of new governmental control over employers. Executive orders affecting federal contractors are also a low-cost way to blow kisses to the Left.

But the premier regulatory battleground will be welfare reform. "They're going to try to chip it away," predicts a Senate aide. A re-interpretation of the work provisions such as the one floated by the Education Department would be particularly brazen, but it demonstrates the general line of attack. A juicy target will be the bill's pay-for-performance requirements, meant to keep states from using make-work programs to reduce their rolls on paper. The Administration's new ally in efforts to soften or evade the bill will be the governors, including Republicans chafing under its requirements. Some governors, perhaps with Administration encouragement, will certainly try to use waivers granted over the last few years from the liberal strictures of the old law to try to get around the conservative requirements of the new.

The fight over how to either "fix" or "complete" reform will run right along the New Democrat/old-liberal fault-line in the Democratic Party. There's already a tug of war about the meaning of a Clinton victory. Democratic Leadership Council President Al From argues that NAFTA, the commitment to the balanced budget, signing welfare reform, all mean the President is irrevocably on a New Democrat path. "There's no turning back," he says. "The thrust of most of what he is doing is toward much less bureaucratic government and more empowering government." But old liberals see the key to the President's resurgence in M^2E^2—his defense of Medicaid and Medicare, education and the environment. "The election was on the biggest government programs of all," argues Robert Borosage of the Campaign for America's Future.

RUNNING FOR OFFICE IN THE 21ST CENTURY...
IS IT TRUE THAT YOU ONCE EXPERIMENTED WITH TOBACCO WHEN YOU WERE IN COLLEGE?
YES, BUT I NEVER INHALED..
ROTHCO

Who is right? The beauty of Clinton is that no one has to be. His 1996 election strategy was so stable because it was a balance between, loosely speaking, the moderate and liberal influences among his counselors: the Dick Morris–Al Gore centrism on values and the balanced budget, and the attack-dog liberalism of the George Stephanopoulos–Leon Panetta faction on Medicare, education, etc. The welfare-reform fix needn't be any different. Clinton talks about finding jobs for one million welfare recipients.

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The DLC essentially wants him to jawbone the private sector into hiring those people, something Clinton will surely try. But the Administration will also be pushing for more public-housing, food-stamp, and child-care spending. And if the DLC has a claim on Clinton's public rhetoric, it's the same HHS bureaucracy that tried to sabotage reform all last summer that will be administering the law.

If all goes well, Clinton will achieve a kind of synthesis. His most liberal initiatives will be part of the ground war, fought out hedge-row to hedge-row in the areas of regulation and judicial or administrative appointments. Or they will be obscured in the nitty-gritty details of grand, popular projects like "welfare reform." Meanwhile, the air war will consist of balancing the budget, middle-class tax cuts, and a bi-partisan push to save entitlements. The President may even make a couple of Republican Cabinet appointments to burnish his bi-partisan credentials (Sen. Dick Lugar, stay by your phone). This makes for a New Democrat regime much less pure and serious-minded than that of DLCers out in the hinterland. But it's enough to get by.

How do Republicans respond? Their first tactical idea, if they hold Congress, is to do nothing. Clinton says he can balance the budget by 2002, cut taxes, save Medicare for ten years, and introduce a host of new programs. Let him try—with his first serious budget proposal since 1993. Indeed, it was governing in 1993–94 that caused Clinton's problems in the first place. "Republicans on the Hill need to learn the discipline that we cannot do it without the President," says a House aide. "You can't govern America from Congress, and sometimes it's best not to try." Republicans are especially anxious to let Clinton take the lead on Medicare, and extract as many political pounds of flesh as possible with head-shaking avowals that reform now is nearly impossible because Clinton has spent two years "poisoning the well."

But when it comes to fighting the President's small-scale proposals, Republicans still don't have a clue. In the 104th Congress, they embraced the "99–0 solution," which entails racking up huge, bi-partisan majorities for any and all new programs (see votes on the minimum wage, the Kennedy–Kassebaum health bill, 48-hour hospital stays for new mothers). This will again be a

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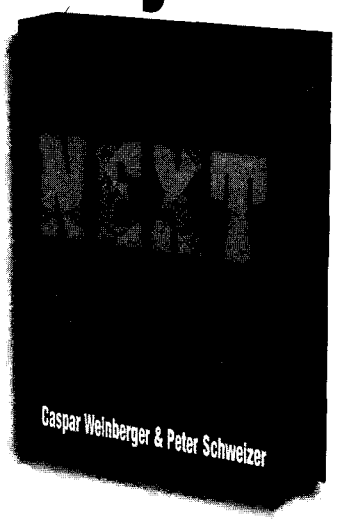

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temptation, and will remain so until Republicans figure out how to sell their agenda when they don't have the good fortune to be opposing big tax increases. Also crucial to battling Clinton will be a willingness to fight over the minutiae. The model is Sen. Don Nickles (R., Okla.). Three days before Clinton signed the welfare bill, HHS granted Washington, D.C., a waiver essentially exempting the city from reform. When Nickles kicked up a huge fuss, introducing a bill to overturn the waiver, the Administration backed down—with unseemly haste.

The skies ahead of Clinton, of course, have plenty of clouds. The advantage Nixon had was that the "Silent Majority" was already latent in American politics, and it was still there for Reagan in 1980. Clinton's DLC-inspired "from-the-center-out" coalition of Democrats, independents, and "empowerment Republicans" is more contrived and more volatile. It's hard to see Dick Gephardt or Al Gore holding it together. And what happens if Republicans stop giving Clinton a free ride on his newly minted cultural conservatism and begin to hammer away at it with issues like partial-birth abortion? Then there are the factors beyond Clinton's control. A recession could blow apart his fragile mandate for a no-pain balanced budget spiced with popular new programs. So could all the looming scandals.

In the end, this may be the most important comparison with Nixon: two Presidents who shrugged off budding scandals during re-election campaigns only to be brought low by them in their second term. It is certainly the analogy that buoys Republican hopes inside the Beltway. Indeed, a series of deepening scandals would kill Clinton's second-term agenda and ensure an enlarged GOP congressional majority in 1998 without Republicans' having to lift a finger. But what if the scandals—the focus of GOP hopes for so long—never quite pan out? Then, Republicans have to find a way to fight a President who has protected himself from his party's traditional vulnerabilities and is happily reviving a governmental activism thought dead just two years ago. It's an unenviable task; no wonder Republicans would prefer to be saved from it. □

Culture of Vice

As society justifies personal moral disorders, it threatens its own survival.

ROBERT R. REILLY

BOB Dole's attack on Hollywood, Bill Clinton's defense of partial-birth abortions, and Congress's deliberations on the Defense of Marriage Act all clearly indicate that the culture war is alive and well. But why is there a culture war and what is at stake in it?

In *The Ethics* Aristotle wrote, "Men start revolutionary changes for reasons connected with their private lives." This is also true when revolutionary changes are cultural. What might these "private" reasons be, and why do they become public in the form of revolutionary changes? The answer to these questions lies in the intimate psychology of moral failure.

For any individual, moral failure is hard to live with because of the rebuke of conscience. Habitual moral failure, what used to be called vice, can be lived with only by obliterating conscience through rationalization. When we rationalize, we convince ourselves that heretofore forbidden desires are permissible. We advance the reality of the desires over the reality of the moral order to which the desires should be subordinated. In our minds we replace the reality of moral order with something more congenial to the activity we are excusing. In short, we assert that bad is good.

It is often difficult to detect rationalizations when one is living directly under their influence, and so historical examples are useful. One of the clearest was offered at the Nuremberg trials by Dr. Karl Brandt, who had been in charge of the Nazi regime's *Aktion T-4* euthanasia program. He said in his defense: ". . . when I said 'yes' to euthanasia I did so with the deepest conviction, just as it is my conviction today, that it was right. Death can mean deliverance. Death is life."

UNLIKE Dr. Brandt, most people recover from their rationalizations when remorse and reality set back in. But when morally disordered acts become the defining centerpiece of one's life, vice can permanently pervert reason. Entrenched moral aberrations then impel people to rationalize vice not only to themselves but to others as well. Thus rationalizations become an engine for revolutionary change that will affect society as a whole.

The power of rationalization drives the culture war, gives it its particular revolutionary character, and makes its advocates indefatigable. It may draw its energy from desperation, but it is all the more powerful for that. Since failed rationalization means self-recrimination, it must be avoided at all cost. For this reason, the differences over which the culture war is being fought are not subject to reasoned discourse. Persons protecting themselves by rationalizing are interested not in finding the truth, but in maintaining the illusion that allows them to continue their behavior. For them to succeed in this, everyone must accede to their rationalization. This is why revolutionary change is required. The necessity for self-justification requires the complicity of the whole culture. Holdouts cannot be tolerated because they are potential rebukes. The self-hatred, anger, and guilt that a person possessed of a functioning conscience would normally feel from doing wrong are redirected by the rationalization and projected upon society as a whole (if the society is healthy), or upon those in society who do not accept the rationalization.

According to Dr. Jack Kevorkian, for example, all those reluctant to participate in his rationalization for killing people (including, it turns out, some who are not even ill) are the real problem: the judicial system is "corrupt," the medical profession is "insane," and the press is "meretricious." Of the coroner

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who found nothing medically wrong with several of his victims, Dr. Kevorkian said that he is a "liar and a fanatical religious nut."

The homosexual movement's rationalization is far more widely advanced in its claims. According to Jeffrey Levi, former executive director for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, "We [homosexuals] are no longer seeking just a right to privacy and a right to protection from wrong. We have a right —as heterosexuals have already—to see government and society affirm our lives." Since only the act of sodomy differentiates an active homosexual from a heterosexual, homosexuals want "government and society" to affirm that sodomy is morally equivalent to the marital act. "Coming out of the closet" can only mean an assent on the level of moral principle to what would otherwise be considered morally disordered.

AND so it must be. If you are going to center your public life on the private act of sodomy, you had better transform sodomy into a highly moral act. If sodomy is a moral disorder, it cannot be legitimately advanced on the legal or civil level. On the other hand, if it is a highly moral act, it should serve as the basis for marriage, family (adoption), and community. As a moral act, sodomy should be normative. If it is normative, it should be taught in our schools as a standard. In fact, homosexuality should be hieratic: active homosexuals should be ordained as priests. All of this is happening. It was predictable. The homosexual cause moved naturally from a plea for tolerance to cultural conquest. How successful that conquest has been can be seen in the poverty of the rhetoric of its opponents. In supporting the Defense of Marriage Act, the best one congressman could do was to say, "America is not yet ready for homosexual marriage," as if we simply need a decent interval to adjust ourselves to its inevitable arrival.

The homosexual rationalization is so successful that even the campaign against AIDS is part of it, with its message that "everyone is at risk." If everyone is at risk, the disease cannot be related to specific behavior. Yet homosexual acts are the single greatest risk factor in catching AIDS. This unpleasant fact invites unwelcome attention to the nature of homosexual acts, so it must be ignored.

The movement for abortion is equally expansive in its claims upon society. The internal logic of abortion requires the spread of death from the unborn to the nearly born, and then to the infirm and otherwise burdensome individuals. The very psychology of rationalization also pushes those involved with abortion to spread the application of its principles in order to multiply the sources of support for it.

If you are going to kill innocent persons you had better convince yourself and others that it is "right," that you do it out of compassion. Thus, Beverly Harrison, a professor of Christian ethics at Union Theological Seminary, contends that abortion is a "positive good," and even a "loving choice." Jungian analyst Ginette Paris thinks it is even more. In her book, *The Sacrament of Abortion,* she calls for "new rituals as well as laws to restore to abortion its sacred dimension." Defending the right to partial-birth abortions during the recent U.S. Senate debate, Senator Barbara Boxer assured her colleagues that mothers who have aborted their children by this means "buried those babies with love." If abortion is love, then, indeed, as Dr. Brandt said, "Death is life."

Abortion is the ultimate in the larger rationalization of the sexual revolution: if sex is only a form of amusement or self-realization (as it must be when divorced from the moral order), why should the generation of a child stand in the way of it, or penalize its fulfillment? The life of the child is a physical and moral rebuke to this proposition. But the child is too weak to overcome the power of the rationalization. The virtual reality of the rationalization is stronger than the actual reality of the child. The child succumbs to the rationalization and is killed in a new "sacrament."

With over 35 million abortions performed since 1973, the investment in the denial of the evil of abortion has become tremendous. Anyone who has witnessed the eruption of grief and horror (often coming many years after the event) in a woman confronting for the first time the nature of what she has done in an abortion knows the lengths to which people must go to prevent its occurrence.

Habitual moral failure, what used to be called vice, can be lived with only by obliterating conscience through rationalization

Thus the changing attitudes toward abortion can be directly traced to the growing number of people, including fathers, doctors, and nurses, with the need to justify it. As reported by the Kaiser Family Foundation, the number of people who think abortion should be illegal in all circumstances has declined from 21 per cent in 1975 to only 15 per cent in 1995. The proportion who support abortion in all circumstances has increased from 21 per cent to 33 per cent in the same period. This change has taken place not because pro-abortionists are winning arguments, but because of the enormous increase in the number of those with a personal, psychological need to deny what abortion is.

Controversies about life, generation, and death are decisive for the fate of any civilization. A society can withstand any number of persons who try to advance their own moral disorders as public policy. But it cannot survive once it adopts the justifications for those moral disorders as its own. This is what is at stake in the culture war. □

"'Sins'? *What do you mean 'sins'? Those were lifestyle choices!"*

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Dirty Climate

The Clinton Administration is determined to save the environment whether it needs saving or not.

S. FRED SINGER

WHEN the 1992 UN Climate Treaty was signed in Rio de Janeiro, the U.S. Government refused to endorse a policy of mandating activities that would lead to reduced emissions of carbon dioxide (CO_2), the major anthropogenic greenhouse gas. Partly, this was because the goals of such activities were unclear: while the Treaty mentions stabilization of the quantity of greenhouse gases in the atmosphere at "non-dangerous levels" as a goal, what constitutes safe and dangerous levels is left unspecified. More importantly, there is a distinct lack of scientific consensus that global warming is in fact occurring.

However, at the July 1996 negotiations in Geneva, the State Department dramatically altered its position and called for *legally binding* targets and time-frames for reducing emissions of CO_2. A Department of Energy official, Dirk Forrister, insisted the Administration's policy switch does not call for any of the things rejected in 1992: new taxes, command-and-control regulations, fuel-economy targets for automobiles. The Senate Energy Committee held hearings this fall to learn just how, in that case, the Administration *did* plan to control energy consumption. It was unable to discover what schemes are afoot. But logically, since CO_2 comes mostly from the burning of fossil fuels, emission limits would have to restrict energy consumption—cutting the use of electric power, transportation, and heating, either by rationing or by taxes.

In the midst of the confusion over the Administration's policy switch, a surreptitious set of alterations of a key scientific document came to light. The changes and deletions gained wide attention with a June 12 essay in the *Wall Street Journal* by Dr. Frederick Seitz, former president of the U.S. National Academy of Sciences, president emeritus of the Rockefeller University, and recipient of the National Medal of Science. His claim that a "major corruption of the peer-review process" has taken place raised an international furor. Scientists on both sides of the controversy are spouting words like "scientific cleansing," "scurrilous," and "libelous."

Seitz's article revealed what had been known to only a few, namely that Chapter 8 of the scientific report on climate change issued by the UN-sponsored Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) had been altered between its approval by government delegations in December 1995 and its printing in May 1996. Chapter 8 is crucial to the IPCC's major conclusion that "the balance of evidence suggests a discernible human influence on global climate."

Most scientists could probably swallow hard and accept this enigmatic phrase without compromising their reputations. Politicians, however, have understood this artful phrase to mean that a climate catastrophe is on its way: droughts and severe storms, continental flooding from rising sea levels, a spread of tropical diseases, and a tidal wave of environmental refugees from affected nations. Quite a frightening picture—and a perfect excuse for political action.

No one denies that alterations to Chapter 8 were made; its lead author, Dr. Benjamin Santer of the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in California, claims full responsibility. However, in a June 13 editorial, *Nature* disclosed the results of its own investigation; it contradicted Santer's story and reported that the responsibility for the disputed changes lies with "IPCC officials."

In addition, we have now learned of the existence of a State Department letter, dated November 15, 1995, and addressed to Sir John Houghton, co-chairman of the IPCC. It says, *inter alia*, "it is essential that . . . chapter authors be prevailed upon to modify their text in an appropriate manner."

The IPCC indignantly denies that "scientific cleansing" changed the sense of the report. But *Nature* concludes that "there is some evidence that the revision process did result in a subtle shift . . . [that] tended to favor arguments that aligned with the report's broad conclusions." The *Nature* editorial further concedes that "phrases that might have been [mis]interpreted as undermining these conclusions . . . have disappeared."

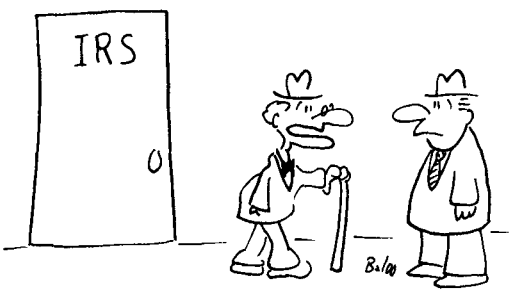
PARTICULARLY alarming to Dr. Seitz was the dropping of three passages from the report:

"None of the studies cited above has shown clear evidence that we can attribute the observed [climate] changes to . . . increases in greenhouse gases."

"No study to date has positively attributed all or part [of the climate change observed to date] to anthropogenic [manmade] causes."

"Any claims of positive detection of significant climate changes are likely to remain controversial until uncertainties in the total natural variability of the climate system are reduced."

Clearly, these statements cast serious doubt on the IPCC conclusion, which might explain why they were eliminated. But Dr. Santer has a more benign explanation, quoted by the journal *Science* (July 25): He made the changes because they "fine-tuned the wording to bring the report into line with the *scientific* consensus" (emphasis added) and because "reviewers requested them." Dr. Santer



"I've been payin' taxes for sixty-three years, and I still *don't have the hang of it."*

Dr. Singer, an atmospheric physicist, is President of the Science and Environmental Policy Project, headquartered in Fairfax, Va., and emeritus professor of environmental sciences at the University of Virginia.

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declines to specify who the reviewers were, which review comments were accepted, and which rejected—and on what basis.

IPCC officials quoted by *Nature* have an even more interesting story; they claim that the reason for the revisions to the report was "to ensure that it conformed to a policymakers' summary," a short document drafted by the IPCC leadership and hammered out as a *political* consensus of government delegations. This IPCC claim raises the obvious question: Shouldn't the Summary conform to the underlying scientific report rather than vice versa?

Eighteen years of weather-satellite data show a current global-cooling trend

The real reason for the text changes may have been to back up the Summary's rather feeble conclusion about a possible human influence on climate. There is precious little in the Summary that would lead one to believe that global warming is happening now or that predictions of future warming can be trusted.

At that, the Summary is quite selective in the facts it presents. For example, it does not even mention the existence of 18 years of weather-satellite data that show a current global-cooling trend and contradict all theoretical models of climate warming. The IPCC blithely presents its conclusions as a "scientific consensus" of hundreds, if not thousands, of scientists. Those who disagree are marginalized as a "dwindling band of skeptics" or as a "tiny minority of dissidents" who view global warming (in Vice President Gore's words) as the "empirical equivalent of the Easter Bunny."

THE tendency of promoters of the global-warming hypothesis to equate any criticism of the IPCC officials and of the report with an attack on science itself is beginning to create serious splits within the scientific community. In 1992 more than four thousand scientists signed the strongly worded Heidelberg Appeal to urge statesmen to go slow on climate-change policies that lack a proper scientific basis. More recently, nearly a hundred climate scientists have refuted the IPCC conclusions in the Leipzig Declaration, which grew out of a conference held in November 1995. The Declaration strongly challenges the notion that a "scientific consensus" predicts climate catastrophes, and condemns the 1992 Treaty as unrealistic and fraught with economic danger.

It is probably no coincidence that the signers include many well-established senior scientists who do not depend exclusively on federal funding. With billions of dollars of federal research money being spent on climate change, many scientists have developed a financial stake in adopting an alarmist attitude about global warming.

In spite of contrary evidence, the IPCC report's co-editor Sir John Houghton claims "serious impacts on human habitats and society" from a potential global warming and urges policymakers to set fixed targets to reduce greenhouse-gas emissions. Not mentioned is the fact that stabilization at the present level of atmospheric carbon dioxide would require a reduction of emissions by 60 to 80 per cent, according to the IPCC's own studies. This translates into crippling reductions of energy use that could hardly be achieved simply through "aggressive efficiency measures," as Houghton claims.

Houghton's boss, British environmental minister John Gummer, goes even further, saying that "action by the international community is now urgent." He wants developed countries to reduce emissions by over 50 per cent, with 5 to 10 per cent reductions by the year 2010 "as a first step in the process." But even Gummer's unrealistic targets were not radical enough to satisfy some environmental activists. Friends of the Earth termed his attitude as "complacent in the extreme."

The global-warming zealots are leaving no stone unturned—they are even courting corporations. They are working hard on the insurance industry, arguing that rates need to be raised in view of impending disasters. (Ironically, one of the findings of the IPCC report is that the frequency of hurricanes has been decreasing over the past fifty years.) Of course, if insurance companies thought they could raise rates with impunity, they would presumably have done so long ago—with or without global warming.

But international organizations need to frighten the public in order to raise funds. The same holds true for UN bureaucrats who have built up sizable fiefdoms and are engaged in a continuous round of meetings, workshops, and other negotiations in resort locations around the world. The foreign-affairs departments of the approximately 150 nations adhering to the Treaty often see benefits from such negotiations, particularly if they lead to further treaties that establish international laws or controls, enhancing budgets and prestige.

It is not surprising, therefore, that as old predictions of catastrophe fail to materialize, these organizations keep coming up with new ones. Early on, it was rising sea levels, a scare the public largely ignored. Then it was announced that 1995 was the hottest year since temperature records were established (December and its blizzards were conveniently omitted from the temperature calculations). The current scare is about the spread of tropical diseases: global warming is supposed to increase the range of malaria-carrying mosquitoes.

The Clinton Administration's surprising about-face in Geneva is sure to raise hackles because it is likely to require the imposition of large energy taxes. The American public has already registered its opposition to energy taxes, whether a BTU tax or a carbon tax. Even a modest increase in the gasoline tax met with strong resistance from voters. An internationally mandated tax would fuel even greater resentment.

On July 10, a stern letter to President Clinton, signed by Frank Murkowski (Alaska) and seven other Senate Republicans, expressed dismay about the Climate Treaty negotiations. The senators urged Clinton to resist efforts to set "binding targets and time-frames" on

(Continued on page 76)

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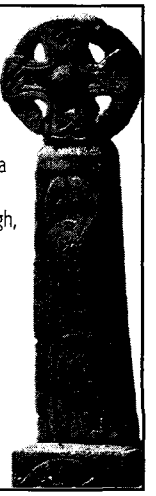

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

November 5, 1996

Dear Rusty,

We win! Again! Almost.

I'm sitting here with Tip and the kids watching the early returns—things are looking pretty good right now. And although it's still too close to call, the phone has been ringing off the hook.

Dick Holbrooke called to say he was rested and ready for whatever Cabinet-level foreign-policy post we might need to fill. I thanked him.

The second call was from Dad.

"Congratulations, my boy," he said over the sound of ice in a tall glass. "Now tell me, how did all those monks get all that money?"

"It's complicated, Dad," I said.

"You'd better hope it is, boy. You'd better hope it's too complicated for the American people to figure out, too."

"Dad," I said, with a warning tone to my voice, "don't start with me."

"Well anyway, congratulations."

"I haven't won yet, Dad. The polls are still open."

"Not for your mother and me," he answered. "We're going to bed."

And then he hung up. To be honest, Rusty, I was disappointed. His favorite President will always be LBJ for, among other reasons, his incredible fundraising prowess. I thought maybe this was an area in which I could claim some small right to say, "Look how much I raised, Daddy."

It's complicated, this father-and-son business.

Dick Holbrooke called again, to remind me that in the "Washington Whispers" column of U.S. News & World Report his photograph ran with the caption "Warren Christopher's likely replacement."

The next call was from Dick Gephardt. Tipper made me take the call in my study so she could listen in and make gagging faces.

"Hello, Dick," I said.

"Hello, Mr. Vice President," Dick responded. "As you know, it isn't clear yet whether our party has regained control of the House or Senate. But if we do, I will urge the various committee chairs to stop hounding your Administration with groundless investigations."

"Well, thank you, Dick."

"The press will have a field day. You know, obstruction of justice, cover-up, that sort of thing. So in an effort to be evenhanded, I think we'll let one investigation go forward. Just for appearances' sake, you understand."

"I guess I do, Dick," I said sadly. "So which one will continue? Whitewater? Castle Grande?"

"Nope."

"The billing records? Filegate?"

"Nope."

"The Travel Office? John Huang?"

"Nope. I think we'll just focus on that Buddhist monastery. Really pick that one apart."

"Gosh, Dick," I said. "I was at that fund-raiser."

"You were?" he asked. "Really? I guess I hadn't read that. Oh well."

He's a curious guy, Rusty. I think some of his personal hostility to me comes from the fact that I'm much taller and have eyebrows. The rumor going around town is that he's going to run against me in '00, but I think, in the end, he won't. In fact, I think I'll run unopposed. People just can't seem to get enough of Al Gore.

Dick Holbrooke called again, to remind me that his cholesterol was in the lowest percentile.

Then Bill called. He was very "up."

"Congratulations, Mr. President," I said. "Although in four years, I guess you'll be saying that to me."

"Yeah, yeah. About that," Bill said.

"What's up?" I asked. I could sense concern.

"Well," he said, "it's this scandal stuff. I have a feeling it might hamper our agenda."

"Are you thinking about a pardon?" I asked, with some trepidation.

"Oh yeah," he said.

"Who?" I asked.

"You," he said.

"Me?" I asked. "Why would you need to pardon me?"

"Not me pardon you, Al. The other way around," Bill replied as he hung up.

Holbrooke called again to discuss his "Grand Strategy for America in the 21st Century." I must have drifted off and started snoring, and he hung up rather abruptly.

It's still too early to call the election, but it's got all the earmarks of a landslide—just like in 1972!

Gotta run. Ken Starr is on the line. I guess he wants to congratulate me.

Your pal, Al

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

America's Assisted Suicide

PETER BRIMELOW

I thought about my experience while reading Roy Beck's welcome and valuable *The Case against Immigration*. From his first sentence recalling his "annual summer treks leading high-school students in building houses for the poor," Beck, an active Methodist layman, systematically attempts to appeal to liberals. He shows conclusively that the current mass-immigration policy has again begun to hurt blacks, blue-collar workers (whence the spearhead role of organized labor in ending the last great wave of immigration at the turn of the century, before unions were captured by leftist bureaucrats), and finally the environment (by second-guessing the implicit decision of native-born Americans, in choosing smaller families, to end their country's population growth—far and away the main pressure on its ecology).

The Case against Immigration: The Moral, Social, and Environmental Reasons for Reducing U.S. Immigration Back to Traditional Levels, by Roy Beck (Norton, 287 pp., $24)

The New Ethnic Mobs: The Changing Face of Organized Crime in America, by William Kleinknecht (Free Press, 328 pp., $25)

The Immigration Mystique: America's False Conscience, by Chilton Williamson Jr. (Basic, 202 pp., $23)

Migrations and Cultures: A World View, by Thomas Sowell (Basic, 516 pp., $30)

Liberals say they care about these things. I say: Phooey! Liberalism remains now what James Burnham defined it as 32 years ago: the ideology of Western suicide. And immigration must certainly transform, and may arguably destroy, America as we know it.

This explains why most liberals are not merely uninterested in what immigration is doing to their ostensible causes; they are vehemently opposed to the issue being discussed at all. With conservatives, by contrast, you can usually get an argument. Or at least a reaction—perhaps because so many establishment conservatives have so plainly been waiting so long for the chance to call someone else a you-know-what.

IT was the audience I had hoped to face since I began the stormy publicity tour for my book *Alien Nation: Common Sense about America's Immigration Disaster*: a roomful of liberals, gathered by the courageous Clarence Woods of the Chicago Human Relations Council, for a serious discussion of the impact of immigration on native-born blacks.

That such an impact must exist is obvious, analytically and empirically. No economist denies (unless perhaps writing in the hope of publication on the *Wall Street Journal* opinion page) that specific native-born workers are displaced by immigration—they just occasionally claim that output is increased *in aggregate* . . . somewhat. Theoretically. And all economists accept that there is no guarantee that this increase goes to those specific workers displaced.

But the effect upon America's exquisitely vulnerable blacks of the influx accidentally triggered by the 1965 Immigration Act is almost never discussed. Yet post-1965 immigrants and their descendants now outnumber blacks—whose progress has indeed simultaneously and suspiciously stalled.

For example, black sociologist William Julius Wilson's much-ballyhooed magnum opus, *When Work Disappears: The World of the New Urban Poor*, contains only a few fragmentary references to immigration. This is particularly astonishing since the fragments tantalizingly imply that the impact of immigration is (and is viewed by blacks as) profound.

Notwithstanding these worthy considerations, my Chicago meeting was an utter fiasco. The audience, it turned out, had come only to denounce my subjective, i.e., racist, motivations for raising this improper topic. After the usual brutal exchanges, they stomped off into the morning sunshine, raving and making signs against the evil eye. We sold only one book, to a stray Arab-American who had somehow wandered in.

"They weren't very interested in the impact on blacks," I said ruefully to my host.

Woods calmly agreed. He'd already told me he'd been attacked by his foundation peers for providing me with a forum at all. Now he also noted that, apart from himself, his daughter, and his assistant, there had been no blacks whatever at this meeting ostensibly organized to discuss their community's plight. "African-American leadership in this country has collapsed," he said.

Roman Genn

Mr. Brimelow is a senior editor at NR *and at* Forbes.

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Beck seriously weakens his book to avoid offending the liberals' taboos. For example, he suppresses any discussion of immigration policy's unprecedented racial transformation of America. And they have rewarded him, in the seven months since *The Case against Immigration* was published, with indifference. There has to be a moral here.

Only now, with the manifest refusal of the immigration issue to go away, are major reviews coming in. Their grudging but cautious tone recalls Hilaire Belloc's advice to toddlers: "*Always keep a hold of Nurse/For fear of finding something worse.*" We happy few at NATIONAL REVIEW like to think that something worse is us.

Beck's strength is reporting rather than analysis. But his reporting turns up many gems that are new even to me.

For example, Beck has found a crushing answer to the point, recently much touted by immigration enthusiasts, that foreign students earn extraordinary proportions of U.S. advanced degrees in science and technology. He cites Rand Corporation and National Institute of Science studies proving that these proportions simply reflect government financial aid—subsidies—available to foreigners. Result: a vicious circle of overproduction, local labor-market gluts (as for physics PhDs), and an even greater reluctance of native-born Americans to enter these fields. American taxpayers are in effect just financing their own children's dispossession.

Similarly, Beck's detailed reporting says more about the microeconomic consequences of irresponsible immigration policy than is dreamed of by doctrinaire macroeconomists. A sad example: Wendy Gramm, wife of Republican presidential candidate Phil Gramm. During the Iowa caucus race, Mrs. Gramm dismissed complaints about low wages paid by the meatpacking giant IBP, of which she was a director, with a knee-jerk platitude from her days as an economics professor: "Wages of labor, like other prices, are set in a market."

Yeah—but this particular market has been distorted by a *policy-produced* flood of cheap Latin American and Asian immigrant labor, which has allowed managements to choose a low-wage, low-quality, high-turnover personnel strategy. The immigrant supply is also subsidized by further transfer payments like education, welfare, and (often) refugee benefits. Result: American workers displaced, American towns transformed into alien islands, taxes increased, consumer prices probably lowered rather little overall (because labor is actually a minor factor of production—even assuming no mechanization or substitution), and an enriched special-interest group: IBP management and stockholders.

To which Mrs. Gramm, of course, belongs. Under the circumstances, it is surprising that the citizens of Iowa did not process her husband into chopped liver. Come to think of it, they did.

Many conservatives have been waiting for a chance to call someone else a you-know-what

You can get at this sort of thing conceptually. But Beck's anecdotal method is appealing, if less complete. Another example: the tragedy of Wausau, Wisconsin, a town overwhelmed by Laotian chain migration triggered by irresponsible church groups sponsoring "refugees" and delivering them, amid much self-congratulation, to the welfare system. Beck's original *Atlantic Monthly* exposé of this scandal inspired a celebrated *60 Minutes* segment (without acknowledgment, needless to say). The catastrophic "refugee" law remains politically sacrosanct, even in this year's failed immigration-reform proposal.

Still, when it comes to a subject as liberal-unfriendly as immigrant crime, Beck must retreat behind a flurry of safe press clippings. Resistance to hearing about this particular aspect of the immigration disaster is so intense that some law-enforcement officials have decided cravenly not even to collect the data, and not even when admitting immigrants to citizenship.

Yet certain types of crime are clearly now dominated by immigrant mafias. Not for the first time, of course—this is the unavoidable but unmentionable flip side of that immigrant energy and enterprise we hear so much about. Watch for it. Thus there was much publicity when a nationwide credit-card scam was broken recently. You had to read carefully to detect that it was run entirely by Nigerian immigrants.

Some of the facts about immigrant crime appear in *The New Ethnic Mobs*, a workmanlike compilation by crime reporter William Kleinknecht, who apparently blundered into the subject by accident and proclaims his liberal, pro-immigrant credentials at prudent intervals. (Still, his *New York Times* reviewer, Stephen Handelman, felt obliged to add the ludicrous PC gloss that crime is not an argument against immigration because "a visa is less important to post–Cold War criminals than a computer, a telephone, or a fax machine"—as if drugs were shipped and competing dealers rubbed out electronically.)

Yet Kleinknecht is honest or naïve enough to make clear the links between the 1965 Immigration Act and this new criminal wave. For example, he says that Chinese crime (specialties include drugs, fraud, home-invasion robberies) could be quelled if there was another immigration pause, permitting assimilation. Ominously, he says the most serious long-run threat is posed by the Russian Jewish *Organizatsiya*—another product of that sacrosanct "refugee" law.

Honest and emphatically not naïve is *The Immigration Mystique* by Chilton Williamson Jr., a former *NR* literary editor and now a *Chronicles* senior editor. His erudite and provocative meditation eschews policy wonkery about welfare or even crime statistics and goes straight for the ultimate American dilemma: whether mass immigration is compatible with national survival.

This is a poet's book, with rich writing and no index. Thus in a series of devastating thrusts at Ben Wattenberg's "First Universal Nation" messianic fantasy, Williamson writes: "Soon perhaps he will suggest changing the printing on our currency from 'In God We Trust' to 'God We Are.' " And Williamson insists, in contrast to what he calls the "propositionists" who claim the U.S. is only an ideological construct, that America is at base a nation like any other, with the same needs for cultural harmony: "If I own a horse, that horse will not survive long if, under the delusion that it is a unicorn, I insist on giving it stardust to eat and moonbeams to drink."

Nevertheless, disguised by its literary form and the trademark *Chronicles* crankishness, this is perhaps the most ambitious of recent immigration books. Williamson dares to raise the unspoken ethnic agendas that quite obviously motivate many immigration enthusiasts. He unflinchingly defends the principle of the much-abused 1920s quota legislation (he notes its intent was to promote

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cultural, not racial or religious homogeneity, preferring "a British Jew over an Armenian Christian"). He even speculates frankly about whether the 1890–1920 immigration was, in fact, such an unalloyed cultural blessing to the nation that made the Revolution and fought the Civil War and which is now, in some measure, displaced.

This originality, needless to say, has terrified sensible but timid souls like the Brookings Institution's Peter Skerry, reviewing Williamson in the *Washington Post*. Immigration-enthusiast enforcers like the Center for Equal Opportunity's John J. Miller, patrolling the ideological border for the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page, have been apoplectic. Miller even complained incredulously that his own grandmother might have been prevented by Williamson from immigrating from Austria–Hungary, an unimaginable disaster.

Curiously, the enforcers have been much less exercised by Thomas Sowell's *Migrations and Cultures*. Sowell is one of the wonders of the American intellectual world. This book illustrates with further massive narrative detail his central contribution: the insight that ethnic groups are not interchangeable but, for whatever reason, have social characteristics that persist. Most of the immigrant groups profiled by Sowell are economically successful. Consequently, dogmatic immigration enthusiasts like former Reagan official Grover Rees, reviewing Sowell in—where else?—the *Wall Street Journal*, have drawn the absurd conclusion that unsuccessful immigrant groups are a logical impossibility.

But in fact Sowell's work shows the direct opposite. Immigrants may very well have undesirable social characteristics. And these characteristics will not necessarily go away with lower marginal tax rates or any other panacea from the libertarian lotus land.

In *Alien Nation*, I leaned heavily on Sowell's work to make this point. Immigration has consequences. Public policy matters, especially in the selection process, fatally weakened in the 1965 Act. But I was quite unable to predict where Sowell himself would come down in the current immigration debate.

On the evidence of *Migrations and Cultures*, I would say Sowell, to his great credit, is on the move. He acknowledges many disadvantages of immigration, such as the spread of disease. And he adds a wrinkle of his own: "the historic role of immigration in advancing nations need not apply to its future role . . . less costly and less socially disruptive ways of transferring human capital have become more feasible."

Any Sowell pronouncement against the 1965 immigration disaster would be very bad news indeed for the enthusiasts. And they know it. Writing in the *Boston Globe*, Brandeis University's Lawrence H. Fuchs in effect admonished Sowell to stick to happy talk about immigration history and leave the contemporary scene alone. Above all, Fuchs thundered, he should not have cited *Alien Nation*, "a racially charged anti-immigration polemic that contains important factual errors"!

As Roy Beck implicitly recognizes, "racially charged" in immigration-enthusiast-speak just means "mentions the facts." And since no one has been able to find "important factual errors" in *Alien Nation*—not surprisingly since the manuscript was checked by serious scholars in the field—Fuchs's attempted argument from authority might reasonably be described as a barefaced lie.

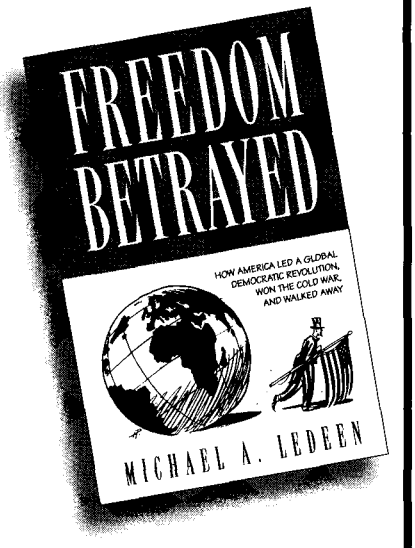
Yet this simple-minded zealot is vice chairman of the late Barbara Jordan's U.S. Commission on Immigration Reform, where he appears to be working to subvert the black former congressman's recommended reduction in legal immigration. In more ways than one, her death was a tragedy for her tragically betrayed country. □

Doubting Thomas

FORREST McDONALD

SOME admirers of Conor Cruise O'Brien's work will think he has gone round the bend. Here he is, telling us that Thomas Jefferson, Father of American Liberty and author of the Declaration of Independence, was in real life a fanatical ideologue, with the deviousness, wiliness, deceptiveness,

WHAT WOULD ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE WRITE IF HE WERE ALIVE TODAY?



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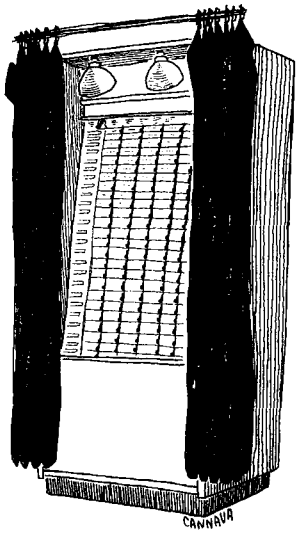
self-righteousness, and tinge of paranoia that that implies. Moreover, he was a racist of an especially vicious variety who fiercely opposed the presence of Africans in America in any capacity other than as slaves. The twentieth-century statesman he "would have admired most is Pol Pot"; the modern Americans who are his truest ideological heirs are the Ku Klux Klan and extreme libertarian paramilitary groups.



But O'Brien is right on target. The evidence has always been available. As for Jefferson's bloodlust, in the abstract, he wrote apropos of Shays's Rebellion that "the tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of . . . tyrants." (When Timothy McVeigh was arrested after the Oklahoma City bombing, he was wearing a T-shirt bearing that inscription.) Regarding the Shaysites he also wrote, "the spirit of resistance to government is so valuable on certain occasions, that I wish it always to be kept alive." Writing of the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution, he declared that rather than have the Revolution fail, "I would have seen half the earth desolated. Were there but an Adam and an Eve left in every country, and left free, it would be better than as it now is." Jefferson penned many such things, often not so pithy but equally grisly.

The Long Affair: Thomas Jefferson and the French Revolution, 1785–1800, by Conor Cruise O'Brien (Chicago, 385 pp., $29.95)

To the disgrace of the historical profession, Jefferson specialists have persistently swept such utterances under the rug. Dumas Malone, the most prestigious of Jefferson's biographers, mentions the Adam and Eve letter as containing "fervid comments" on the French Revolution, but neglects to quote it. Other scholars quote the letter in part but explain it away.

O'Brien is determined not to let the evasions and cover-ups continue. He is at pains to quote Jefferson in full, providing readers with the context of the writing. He also points out that Jefferson was, *à la* Rousseau, a civil-religion enthusiast who "sought to animate an apparently secular and political idea—that of liberty—by breathing into it the kind of emotions and dispositions with which religion had been invested in the Ages of Faith." Jefferson was as zealous for his civil religion as any enthusiast for a spiritual religion, an attitude attested by his habitual use of religious terminology in discussing political affairs: he speaks of the holy cause of freedom and the sacred fire of liberty. When Jefferson "discovered" that Alexander Hamilton, whose policies were well calculated to provide the nation with the economic and military might necessary to preserve freedom, was the leader of a sinister monarchist conspiracy, Jefferson was merely being paranoid; but again he resorted to religious imagery. The Hamiltonians were the "heretical sect," the "impious sect," or the "blasphemers"; former champions of liberty who now backed Hamilton's measures, such as Washington and Adams, were "apostates."

The matter of slavery and racism is complex. Of the inferiority of blacks Jefferson was certain; he so testified copiously in his *Notes on the State of Virginia*, first published in 1785. Much of what he said would become racist clichés: blacks had rhythm, they smelled bad, they were lazy and improvident. Most particularly, they were deficient in the capacity to reason. Some of his contemporaries, like Hamilton, argued that observable black characteristics were likely to be the result of circumstances, but Jefferson stoutly denied it. And for a man of a restlessly inquiring mind who was forever tinkering and experimenting, he was singularly resistant to educating his slaves to test the effect upon them. Indeed, as executor of the estate of Thaddeus Kosciusko, the Polish hero of the Revolutionary War, he refused to carry out the general's wish to purchase, manumit, and educate young blacks, and instead diverted the allocated funds to other purposes. Until the civil-rights movement of the 1960s awakened their racial consciousness, historians simply ignored the whole subject. Since then, a number of scholarly studies have provided ample documentation, and O'Brien has drawn heavily from these works.

Jefferson's devotees could scarcely ignore the other half of the matter, his ownership and exploitation of the labor of his slaves, but they routinely put the best face on it. He treated them with great humanity, they said; Dumas Malone described Jefferson's homecoming from Paris in 1789 as a wildly jubilant time for the slaves, welcoming their beloved master. O'Brien paints a different picture. Over time at least forty of Jefferson's slaves tried to escape, and Jefferson employed a number of brutal overseers, regarding the cruelest of whom, Gabriel Lilly, he said it would be impossible to find "a man who fulfills my purposes better."

Jefferson genuinely abhorred slavery, say his defenders. Perhaps, and yet he did little to hasten its demise, save for the part he played in prohibiting its introduction into the Northwest Territory. Unlike Washington, who freed his slaves in his will and provided for their sustenance, Jefferson freed only five slaves—who were almost certainly his own offspring. The crucial point is his unshakable conviction that whites and blacks could never live together as equals. That induced him to support the attempted destruction of the Haitian revolution and to couple any thought of American manumission with African colonization. When, at last, he realized that shipping freedmen to Africa was impractical, he shrilly insisted that slavery should be extended into the Louisiana territory.

The evidence against Jefferson has always been available

O'Brien closes his powerful book with speculations about what will happen to America's civil religion as a result of Jefferson's decanonization. The sacred texts are said to be the Declaration, the Constitution, and the Gettysburg Address, the prophets Jefferson and

Mr. McDonald is a professor of history at the University of Alabama. His most recent book is The American Presidency: An Intellectual History *(Kansas).*

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Lincoln. As post-racist America becomes increasingly multicultural, O'Brien suggests, Jefferson will have to be dropped from the pantheon, if for no other reason than that lunatic fringes will loudly claim him as their own. If that happens, O'Brien fears, the American civil religion may be in for a serious schism.

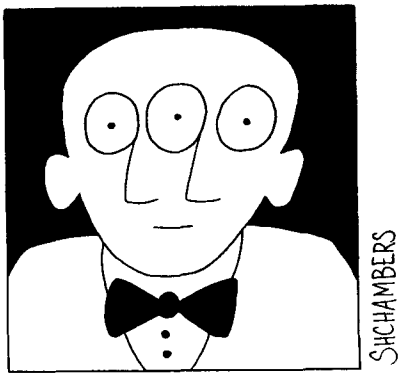
John Adams could have told him that that is what always happens when a society tries to sacralize the profane. □

The Other Liberalism

DAVID GLASNER

ISAIAH Berlin is without a doubt the greatest living authority on the history of ideas. His historical inquiries into the works of a remarkably diverse group of thinkers and philosophical concepts constitute one of the intellectual treasures of our time.

Yet since his early days as an abstract philosopher at Oxford, Berlin has made almost no forays into pure political philosophy. The closest he has come to a comprehensive statement of his political



philosophy is his famous essay "Two Concepts of Liberty," which gave currency to the distinction between negative and positive liberty and argued that negative liberty is the more worthy of defense. Even so, he stands as one of the pre-eminent modern exemplars of political liberalism—though Berlin's liberalism, rooted firmly in the values of the Enlightenment, is of such catholicity and so devoid of partisanship that it bears little resemblance to most of what today passes for liberalism. It is the singular merit of John Gray to have distilled from Berlin's voluminous writings the philosophical essence of his liberalism within this slim volume.

Isaiah Berlin, by John Gray (Princeton, 189 pp., $21)

Gray, whose earlier works include a study of the philosophy of another eminent liberal, F. A. Hayek, is well qualified to write about Berlin, having dis-

Berlin's liberalism bears little resemblance to most of what today passes for liberalism

avowed his own liberalism largely owing to the destructive criticisms made by the eighteenth-century Counter-Enlightenment Romantics. While he is primarily concerned with explicating Berlin's views and is admirably reti-

Mr. Glasner is an economist in Washington, D.C.

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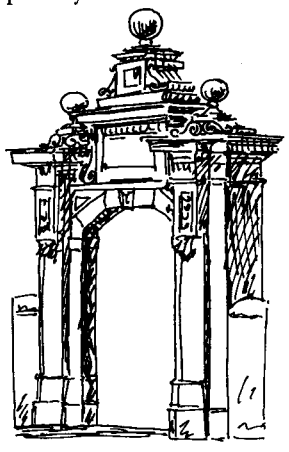
cent about interjecting his own, he is keenly aware of how the clash between the Enlightenment and the Counter-Enlightenment that Berlin portrays in his historical studies has led Berlin to alter his justification for liberal values from the one offered by the Enlightenment.



In their hopeful view of human nature and the possibility for human improvement, the Enlightenment philosophers believed that, guided by reason alone, men could set themselves free from the ancient bonds of ignorance, superstition, and despotism. Unleashed from the shackles of oppression, people everywhere could join together in building a universal society based on liberty, justice, and tolerance.

The Romantic Counter-Enlightenment figures corrosively attacked this view. Individuals, argued the Romantics, are neither inherently rational nor fundamentally good. Nor are they enslaved by despotic governments and misled by organized religion, as Enlightenment thinkers alleged. Rather, they are weak, impulsive, and confused, formed by their environment, molded by their history, controlled by their instincts, and driven by their passions. Reason alone cannot teach us to distinguish between good and bad or to tell right from wrong, much less cause us to act accordingly.

Accepting much of this critique, Berlin acknowledges that we cannot rationally determine what is good and right in all cases. The tragic and unalterable feature of our moral landscape is that we must often choose between conflicting and irreconcilable moral goods and moral values. These irreconcilable conflicts demand radical, even tragic, choices that are expressions of our existential will, not the dictates of our reason.

However, in Berlin's view, it is by making such morally indeterminate choices that we are able to transform ourselves. For Berlin, the basis within the liberal tradition for the preferred status of negative liberty—the absence of human constraint on our choices—is precisely liberty's enlargement of the opportunity for self-transformation.

Unlike the Enlightenment philosophers, who believed in a universal scale of values by which all moral questions could be rationally decided, Berlin acknowledges that the choice of liberty and other liberal values entails the sacrifice of other worthwhile values or ways of life that are associated with goods that are irreconcilable with liberal values. If we nevertheless choose those liberal values, it must be because liberalism is itself a tradition—*our* tradition—and a way of life—*our* way of life—that we, perhaps irrationally, prize, a tradition with roots much older than the Enlightenment, extending deep into antiquity. The Enlightenment may have articulated and rationalized this tradition, changing it, possibly distorting it, in the process, but did not create it, much less *deduce* it from rational principles.

To recognize that liberalism in its broadest sense—individual liberty, tolerance, equality before the law, democracy—is not the necessary implication of self-evident, universally valid axioms of human nature, but the contingent outgrowth of millennia of historical experience, and still to embrace it and defend it as an ideal and as a way of life, is what, in the words of Joseph Schumpeter quoted by Berlin in his essay on liberty, distinguishes a civilized man from a barbarian. In his thoughtful study of Berlin's political philosophy, John Gray performs the admirable service of demonstrating how consummately civilized a man Isaiah Berlin is. □

Sociologists' Hollywood

MARTHA BAYLES

THIS book has a clear argument: Since the end of World War II, and especially since the 1960s, major structural changes in the American film industry have led to the formation of a small, ideologically uniform elite, operating without meaningful restraint or correction from the rest of the society. The result, say the authors, has been a drastic transformation in the content of movies—one that may or may not have destructive social effects but that is almost certainly irreversible.

The authors support this argument with three kinds of evidence: a capsule history of the film industry; a comprehensive opinion survey in which the attitudes of the Hollywood elite are compared with those of other elites; and a content analysis of almost four hundred top-grossing films released between 1946 and 1990.

Hollywood's America: Social and Political Themes in Motion Pictures, by Stephen Powers, David J. Rothman, and Stanley Rothman (Westview, 320 pp., $22.95)

Two of the authors, Stanley Rothman and Stephen Powers, are social scientists at the Center for the Study of Social and Political Change at Smith College; the third, David J. Rothman, teaches English at Western State College in Colorado. Given this collaboration, one might hope for a book in which social-scientific rigor is tempered with literary–artistic insight. Unfortunately, *Hollywood's America* serves neither social science nor art.

Ironically, the most readable part of the book is its potted history of the film industry. Citing Neal Gabler and others, the authors show how outsiders—from the Catholic Legion of Decency to the House Un-American Activities Committee—intimidated the first- and second-generation Jewish immigrants at the helm of the mighty studios. They then trace the breakup of the studios after the Paramount antitrust case of 1948, various First Amendment cases, and the rise of television. Finally they describe the consolidation of power in the hands of a few talent agents, million-dollar stars, and blockbuster directors. This power is not threatened by conglomerate ownership, the authors contend, because "artistic control over movie content will remain intact as long as entrepreneurs grant that filmmakers know more about making movies—meaning, of course, making movies that make money—than they do."

Miss Bayles is literary editor of The Wilson Quarterly.

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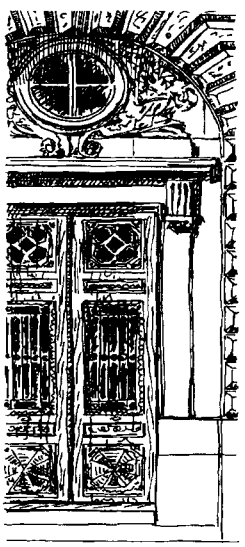
Less impressive is the book's survey of elite attitudes. After crunching the numbers, the authors dutifully report that Hollywood's movers and shakers are more politically liberal, socially permissive, and psychologically narcissistic than other elites.

In the content-analysis chapters, even the most sympathetic reader is likely to flag. Did you know that 20 per cent of low-ranking military officers with a positive character rating in randomly selected top-ten-grossing films released between 1946 and 1955 used authority and discipline to achieve their goals? Did you know that this figure increased to over 50 per cent between 1966 and 1985? It would appear that we have discovered a trend line. But so what? Here the trend lines are as numerous, and useless, as the cracks in old plaster. By the authors' own admission, content analysis does not presume to answer the most important questions: *why* movie content has changed, or *what impact* those changes are having on society. Content analysis merely describes the changes as objectively as possible.



This is a modest claim, but it is also disingenuous, because the authors' assumptions about these important questions are built into their research design.

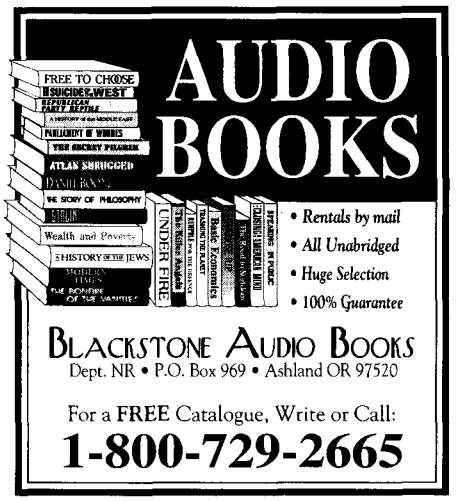
Why have the movies changed? With regard to the changes that occurred during the 1960s, the authors mention both larger social forces and influences flowing from the broader artistic culture: in particular, the "social turmoil" surrounding the Vietnam War, and the New Wave cinema in France. But, characteristically, they downplay these forces in favor of the structural changes described above (which they keep citing to the point of tedium) and the attitudes of the Hollywood elite. In other words, they downplay the factors that cannot be easily quantified, while placing undue emphasis on those that can.

The trend lines are as numerous, and as useless, as the cracks in old plaster

The authors' narrowly "scientific" approach creates some bizarre distortions, as when they categorically state that it is only since the 1960s that Hollywood films have depicted "renegade warriors . . . too constrained by their superiors and/or the legal system to function effectively." What about the renegade cavalryman played by John Wayne in the John Ford trilogy *Fort Apache* (1948), *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (1949), and *Rio Grande* (1950)—iconic films though not in the authors' sample? Endlessly distorted by the cultural Left, Wayne's character was a respecter of Indian honor pitted against the brutal deceptions of his military superiors.

Perhaps most distressing is the book's cavalier dismissal of intellectually serious film criticism as "anecdotal," "impressionistic," and "subjective." Writing in the appendix, David Rothman is so eager to debunk academic film theory that he barely acknowledges the existence of other kinds of film criticism. And while he does a workmanlike job of tracing the intellectual lineage of film theory back to the semiotics of Ferdinand de Saussure and the highbrow Marxism of Antonio Gramsci and Walter Benjamin, he commits the grave error of equating the outlandish claims of today's film theorists with serious film criticism.

Not to mention other forms of "aesthetic" writing. In his discussion of the radical feminist theorist Laura Mulvey, Mr. Rothman declares that she works "like a scholar in the traditional fine arts, buttressing large statements about psychology and culture with anecdotal readings and limited examples." Is he serious? Does he really expect us to equate radical feminist rhetoric with traditional arts scholarship, or regard this book as an improvement over both? I will grant that most film critics, like most scholars in the fine arts, work in ways that might seem "anecdotal," "impressionistic," and "subjective" to an English professor posing as a hard-nosed social scientist. But there is still a big difference between doing it well and doing it badly. □



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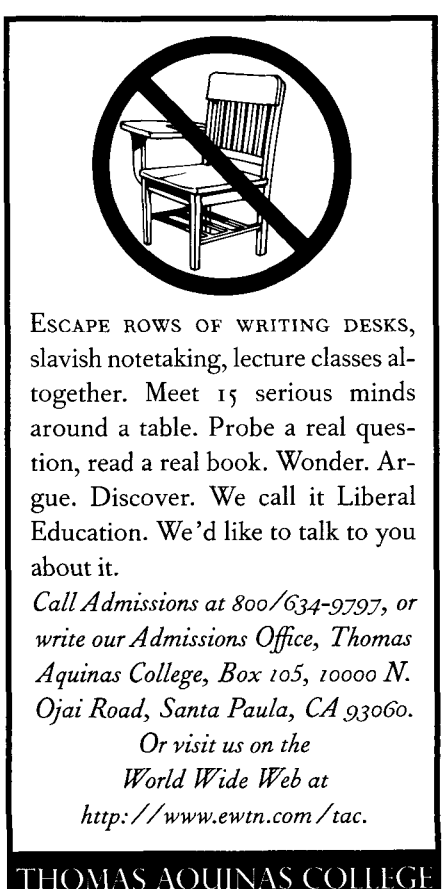
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FILM

Precarious Prize Winners

JOHN SIMON

PERMIT me to be totally unimpressed by Mike Leigh's ***Secrets & Lies***, which won the Golden Palm and International Critics' Prize at Cannes, as well as the Best Actress award for Brenda Blethyn. This is yet another of Leigh's forays into lower-class life in London, which the writer–director improvises with his acting company. Critics and audiences accord him raves that I do not begrudge, but cannot begin to endorse.

For one thing, large-scale improvisation strikes me as anti-art, and not only because I seriously doubt the literary capabilities of most actors. Of course if the idea is to replicate ordinary people in an ordinary way, this may be a viable procedure. But I hold with the artist's transcending rather than transcribing his subject—giving us not a prosaic view, but a poetic vision. A set of lives, certainly, but also, in the language of the index, Life, the meaning of.

In *Secrets & Lies* (when will the ampersands of time run out?), middle-aged cockney Cynthia, who works in a cardboard-box factory, lives rancorously with her daughter Roxanne, approaching 21 and working as a street cleaner. Mother and daughter spend most of their time bickering. Elsewhere in London, Cynthia's younger brother, Maurice, a second-rate portrait photographer, lives with his dourly proper wife, Monica, who has made him cut off his sister despite their closeness. Monica, moreover, will not have children. In yet another part of town, Hortense, a young black optometrist whose foster mother has just died, sets about finding her birth mother. After finally unearthing her phone number, she is hung up on by a hysterical Cynthia, who will have nothing to do with a stranger.

Eventually, though, Cynthia is persuaded, and the women agree to meet at a subway entrance, where for the longest time they don't accost each other, not expecting a member of a different race. When the cat is out of the bag, and Cynthia is hysterical again, they go to a restaurant for tea, and she finally remembers something she had repressed: an affair with a black man. Someone of her racist and xenophobic class could not blot out so big a blot, but without this falsification, there's no plot.

Daughter Roxanne has her own affair with a nondescript construction worker, and we get a chance to watch some of the most unprepossessing sex ever filmed. After much maneuvering, Maurice manages a coming-of-age party for Roxanne, to which Cynthia, who has secretly grown fond of Hortense, talks her into coming along. (Leigh staged this scene without telling others in the cast that Hortense is black: do such tricks really pay off, I wonder?) After the initial shock—Roxanne even runs out, furious—Maurice makes a noble speech against the little secrets & lies we allow to poison our lives, and forthwith serenity sets in. In a final scene, we see a backyard threesome—Cynthia, Roxanne, and Hortense—lounging and chatting contentedly.

The feelgoodism of it all is hard to stomach, but even lesser things ring false. The return of the previous tenant of Maurice's studio sets off a farcical but unconvincing and unintegrated episode. Similarly, Maurice's hortatory homily, which so impressed most of my colleagues, seems far too feeble to affect even the most impressionable souls. The entire film comes across as haphazard, inconsequential—in short, improvised.

Brenda Blethyn cries through most of the movie, which should have earned her the Best Crier rather than Best Actress award. Claire Rushbrook, as Roxanne, is worse than unattractive—emetic. Timothy Spall, as Maurice, is simply boring. Marianne Jean-Baptiste, as Hortense, is fine, but the way the other characters adulate her is phony, and becomes tiresome. Phyllis Logan, as Monica, may be the most believable, but her dark secret turns out to be merely that she *can't* have children—what's so guilty about that? And why could no one guess this common fact?

Large-scale improvisation strikes me as anti-art, and not only because I doubt the literary capabilities of most actors

Best in the film are the brief comic scenes in which a cross-section of ludicrous people having their pictures taken by Maurice make asses of themselves. But aside from contradicting Leigh's intent, by making common folks absurd, this is nowhere near enough to redeem a 142-minute movie.

■ It is exceedingly hard to make a film about the Troubles in Ireland that would not look and sound like so many other such films, plays, and books. In ***Michael Collins***—winner in Venice of the Golden Lion, as well as the Best Actor award for Liam Neeson—Neil Jordan makes a game stab at being different. Collins, who was killed at age 31, is one of the least known heroes of the Irish liberation movement; his name was stripped from Irish history books.

The problem, as Jordan presents it, was that, after organizing the Invisible Army, and devising the bloody but effective anti-British guerrilla campaign, Collins turned into a man of peaceful compromise. It was he who was deputized by Eamon de Valera to negotiate with the English, and the Irish Free State—a halfway house to the Republic—came to be. The treaty, which included the partition of Ireland, barely passed

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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in the Irish Parliament, and was rejected by de Valera and his followers, who by then included Harry Boland, formerly Collins's closest friend. Boland was killed by Free State troops. Collins was gunned down when—heroically or foolishly—he traveled to Cork to negotiate with the anti-treaty forces.

Much of the story, especially the last part, is conjectural; Jordan also simplified things by, for example, compressing three real persons into the double agent Ned Broy. As for the romantic triangle, it emerges a bit too romantic. Both Collins and Boland were in love with the beautiful Kitty Kiernan, who was getting ready to marry Collins on the very day his small caravan was ambushed, and he himself slain.

I have no idea how much of this is history, how much guesswork, and how much crowd-pleasing embroidery. The romance is standard stuff, though nicely enhanced by Julia Roberts's star presence. Miss Roberts may not be the ideal choice for Kitty, but we must give her credit for taking atypical risks. Aidan Quinn is a personable Harry Boland, and Stephen Rea, as Broy, solid as always. As an English brute sent to bring the Irish to heel, Charles Dance, with that creepily albinoesque face of his, is much better than in his usual leading-man roles. As for Neeson—of the nose-heavy, asymmetrical countenance and shrewdly darting, soul-searching eyes, he is a lopsided Gary Cooper *redivivus*—hardly something to sneeze at.

The frighteningly effective strategy and tactics Collins devised—since copied by the likes of Mao Tse-tung and Yitzhak Shamir—are bloodcurdlingly conveyed, as is British tyranny. What remains hazy is why the brilliant Collins, in Jordan's version, allowed himself to be such an easy assassin's target.

The real mystery, though, is the character of de Valera. Was he really such a scheming machiavel? Did he send Collins to negotiate in London precisely because he knew that Ireland could not get all it asked for, then turning brutally against him, even colluding in his murder? Or is it just that Alan Rickman plays him? Rickman may well be the smoothest, oiliest, most sinister villain in the Anglophone cinema, down to those unruly English teeth of his. Miscast on occasion in sympathetic roles, he remains untrustworthy: even his voice has a built-in sneer. He turns de Valera into a neurotic, quavery, quaking-with-inner-rage sort of guy—a memorably unpleasant customer.

Chris Menges's superb cinematography, particularly in the rainy nocturnal—or rainy diurnal—shots of Dublin, is as eloquently moody as camera work gets. A large chunk of Dublin has been duplicated by the designer, Anthony Pratt, and is most photogenic when being blown to bits. Yet as impressive as *Michael Collins* is, it cannot quite climb out from under the fog of *déjà vu* that inevitably hovers over it. □

MUSIC

All Junk, All the Time

RICHARD BROOKHISER

LIKE a turtle egg buried on the beach, the thought warmed, out of sight, all summer. The Olympics and the political conventions helped it grow, but the key stimulus was a passing sentence in a *New York Times Magazine* article on megachurches, which are evangelical churches that number their congregations in the thousands. The article was discussing the music used in the services, and said something to the effect that the megachurches favored rock. Just like the conventions. Just like the Olympics. Just like everyone everywhere.

Megachurches keep their eye on eternity. In the here and now, rock is triumphant and universal. Its empire will only expand, ferreting out the few nooks it does not yet command, and filling them. Francis Fukuyama alerted us (wrongly) to the End of History. But rock has ended the history of music. There are no ideological, religious, or ethnic redoubts. I once read a profile of the commander of a Salvadoran death squad. He was a Deadhead. Iranian mullahs, Chinese Communists, skinheads, rabbis expecting the return of Menachem Schneerson, Papuan savages dressed only in penis wrappers, all listen, openly or in secret, or their children will.

Rock is kids channeling the rhythms of bumpkins

What is rock? A certain set of musicians—drums, guitars, a voice or two. A beat that, well, rocks. Lyrics. Pare down the music until it almost vanishes, as in rap; soften the beat until it becomes easy listening; give the songwriter the equipment and the ambitions of Brian Wilson: but the form never quite disappears. It hasn't changed for forty years, and it never will, because it is so easy to do well enough.

Consider the elements.

Music. The guitar is the ultimate E-Z-2-Play instrument. Why else was it the lyre of the American peasantry? If rock depended on some instrument—trumpet, clarinet, fiddle, piano—that required some tone of the lips or lightness of the fingers to play even barely competently, its pool of potential performers would have shrunk by 90 per cent. There is only one instrument easier to fake: drums. The low standards also apply to rock vocalists. Remember Mick Jagger when he was in his prime? Heard him now, when he sounds like a voice on the subway PA system? Mr. Jagger could actually move his notes around, but they were always harsh and homely notes. That's OK—they were good enough for rock.

Words. The rock critic Elizabeth Wurtzel, reviewing an album of covers of Cole Porter songs by rock musicians, hoped the experience might inspire rock songwriters to be a little more careful of their rhyme schemes. Wrong! The whole point is not to have to worry

Mr. Brookhiser is a senior editor at NR. *This piece is adapted from his column in the* New York Observer.

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about rhyme schemes. If you start worrying, not everyone will be able to do it. So rock will keep on rhyming "pain" and "shame," and "stop" and "stuck."

Dancing. I was in fifth and sixth grade just after kids stopped taking solemn little lessons, in gym class or after school, in the box step and the cha-cha. Those who still dance these, and all the other dances of mankind, do it, like fox hunters or Greek scholars, as a passion or a hobby. To fulfill the necessities of social intercourse, it will never be necessary to take a dance lesson again. Slow dancing to rock is what you hope to be doing horizontally with your clothes off afterward. Fast dancing is—well, look at it, at any wedding or bar mitzvah, where even the grown-ups shake their aged hams. The abolition of dance steps was a great relief to the awkward, especially the men, who once had to lead—no more visualizing the points of the compass, no more shame when you crunched the foot you were supposed to be guiding.

Entrepreneurs. There is a final way in which rock is easy, which impels the other three. It is easy to make a buck selling it. Because the product is so generic, primitive, and witless, the distributors and marketers can know nothing, ingest huge quantities of drugs, and still not be too addled to make millions. The fields I know best are journalism, publishing, and politics, and so I do know something about laziness and empty pretensions. But if there were ever a land of opportunity for the feckless, the modern music industry is it.

Rock is a form of popular culture that aims downward in terms of class and age, instead of aiming up. Rather than aspiring, it *de*spires. Astronomers speak of the red shift, the change in the spectrum of the light of receding galaxies. Rock is redneck shift. The preceding phase of popular music, encompassing jazz, dance bands, and show tunes, was urban and adult. Rock is kids channeling the rhythms of bumpkins.

But the worst thing about rock is not that it fails the culture, but that it fails on its own terms. Popular music is a marker and a memory aid. Most of the important events in life—romance, courtship, celebration—are accompanied by it. We remember them because of their importance to us, no matter what was on the radio. But if the music is crude and blank, does not some of its crudity and blankness infect the experience, and the memory?

And while popular music mostly amplifies pre-existing emotions, at its best it can tug us, tease us, make us grow. Not rock. For all its supposedly revolutionary ethos, rock is a binary switch of angst and hormones—Kafka without humor, or centerfolds in notes. The emotions that unsettle, like stones under a sleeping bag—hope, regret—are beyond its ken. And they are beyond our ken, to the extent rock stuffs our ears.

It's Bottom 40, all junk, all the time. And it's here to stay. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Buying the Best: Cost Escalation in Elite Higher Education, by Charles Clotfelter (Princeton, 303 pp., $29.95)

THE emperor is not naked, he's overdressed. Regarding the reasons for the cost escalation alluded to in his title, Mr. Clotfelter's "principal findings" say it all: 1) Tuition has soared, but "financial aid to students has grown still faster." 2) His study finds "a decrease in measured classroom teaching loads." 3) Institutional governance by the faculty means virtually no limits on proliferating costs: "Featuring weak central control, a remarkable degree of freedom accorded to its faculty, and traditions of collegiality in governance, the university lacks any corporate goal other than the pursuit of excellence." 4) The infusion of federal largesse likewise encourages cost escalation. 5) "Because of tenure, it is impossible" to enforce corollary cost limitations. 6) Research rivals teaching, driving up costs for both. We at Hillsdale College have been warning for over two decades that if trustees and presidents do not take back governance of their colleges, costs will skyrocket unabated. Pity our children, let alone our grandchildren. —GEORGE ROCHE

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SINGER

(Continued from page 63)

energy use. They pointed out that the existing level of scientific certainty is not high enough to justify hasty actions that would damage the nation's economy. Independently, Bennett Johnston (La.) and five other Senate Democrats, in a July 17 letter to the White House, slammed proposals for mandatory emission reductions and warned Clinton that treaty amendments might not receive the consent of the Senate.

The senators are in tune with the growing number of scientists who view the IPCC findings with skepticism and the alteration of scientific documents with alarm. The Senate, however, can do much more; it can exercise the option under Treaty Article 25 and withdraw from the UN Climate Convention. In the absence of scientific evidence for a global-warming catastrophe, there is no reason to maintain a treaty which, if implemented rigorously, would lead to a world economic disaster. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

1 S	2 E	3 V	4 F	5 D	6 B	7 Z		8 A	9 Y	10 W	11 O		12 X	13 U		14 W	15 R	16 D		17 X	18 Q	19 V	20 Z
21 E	22 A		23 H	24 S		25 Y	26 I	27 T		28 H	29 M	30 K		31 Q	32 R	33 W	34 D	35 E		36 D	37 O	38 B	39 F
	40 W	41 Y		42 G	43 U	44 Y	45 H		46 O	47 V	48 N	49 X	50 B		51 I	52 G		53 F	54 A	55 G	56 I	57 N	58 J
59 Q	60 U	61 M	62 O	63 T	64 V		65 N	66 M		67 V	68 T	69 K		70 I	71 K		72 V	73 T	74 W	75 O	76 E		77 W
78 V	79 S		80 W	81 C	82 H	83 A		84 Q	85 J		86 H	87 G		88 V	89 T	90 W	91 R	92 C	93 S	94 Q	95 P	96 U	97 E
98 I	99 N		100 J	101 Z		102 Y	103 I	104 G		105 B	106 P		107 T	108 O	109 F	110 C	111 U		112W	113 A	114 B		115 J
116 D	117 I	118 T		119 O	120 M		121 A	122 C	123 N	124 O		125 B	126 N		127 H	128 K	129 I	130M		131 I	132 J		133 E
134 F	135 D	136 T	137W		138 Q	139 Y		140 I	141 U	142 L	143 J		144 J	145 A	146 T	147 I	148 H		149 N	150 G		151 T	152 X
153 Z	154 I	155 L		156 N	157 R		158 C	159 Y	160 X	161 T	162 L	163W	164 H	165 J	166 Q	167 U	168M	169 G		170 U	171 C		172 O
173 V	174 G		175M	176 A		177 O	178 U	179 F	180 K	181 S		182 C	183 Y		184 Q	185 L	186 I	187 B		188 P	189 A		

DEFINITIONS

A. Disgusting — 8 54 113 189 145 22 176 121 83

B. Tripartite understanding among Great Britain, France, and Russia — 187 105 125 38 114 6 50

C. In palace circles (2 words) — 81 92 158 171 122 110 182

D. Bill Buckley's is National — 5 34 116 135 16 36

E. Numbskull — 35 97 21 133 2 76

F. Trusted harem attendant — 4 109 39 179 53 134

G. Business district — 42 52 104 55 150 87 174 169

H. Less fortunate ones (hyph.) — 127 28 82 148 86 23 164 45

I. Infamous Confederate prison — 103 51 154 117 147 56 98 70 186 131 140 129 26

J. Most wacky — 100 165 85 144 58 115 143 132

K. Property a woman brings to her marriage — 30 71 69 128 180

L. Slake — 155 185 162 142

M. Bridge float — 130 120 175 61 66 168 29

N. Not guilty — 149 99 156 126 123 48 65 57

O. Upper-end wine-making family — 75 108 46 37 11 177 124 62 172 119

P. Promissory note, initially — 188 106 95

Q. Doohickey for sealing bread wrappers (2 words) — 166 31 84 184 94 59 138 18

R. Precursors to aahs — 32 157 15 91

S. Fire starter — 24 1 93 79 181

T. Unpredictable operative (2 words) — 136 89 63 161 146 107 68 27 151 73 118

U. Instinctive knowledge — 43 13 96 60 141 111 167 178 170

V. Dionysian orgy — 3 78 88 72 47 173 64 19 67

W. Crusader for Christian unity — 137 77 74 33 10 90 40 112 163 80 14

X. German river "watched" by Lillian Hellman — 49 17 12 160 152

Y. Tim Taylor's TV show within a show (2 words) — 139 159 183 102 41 9 25 44

Z. Yesteryear — 7 101 20 153

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. DOLE, accepting the nomination: "It is demeaning to the nation that within the Clinton Administration, a corps of the elite who never grew up, never did anything real, never sacrificed, never suffered, and never learned should have the power to fund with your earnings their dubious and self-serving schemes."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

The Massachusetts Scene

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25

In Massachusetts, the race between the incumbent senator, John Kerry, and his Republican challenger, Governor William Weld, has caught national attention. This is in part because the contenders are tied in the polls, in part because they are eye-catching. John Kerry is a blueblood who went to St. Paul's School and then Yale, then Vietnam, where he was wounded and honored; from there to the peace movement and, in due course, his Senate seat.

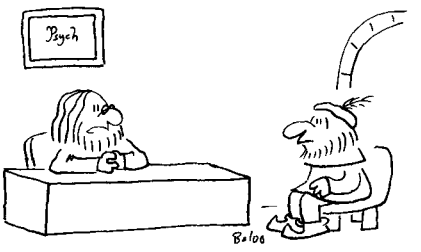
William Weld attended Middlesex Preparatory School, where he did dazzlingly well on apparently minimal exertion. His headmaster was known to doubt any possibility that the high-living young man would conquer Harvard, where memories of him are of the roisterer who always gave himself and his companions a good time. Yet exactly that happened, he conquered Harvard as a student whose major study was Latin, in which he remains fluent, as also in several other languages. His well-kept secret was that immediately after supper he would disappear into the library and read for five hours, beginning his night life only after his studies, unobserved by his classmates, were done.

A sharp and learned observer of the political scene in Massachusetts puts great stress on the long spinal column of the Weld clan, which reaches back to the seventeenth century. The Weld family is manifestly successful in making money, generation after generation. William Weld long since earned a reputation for favoring reduced taxes, in part to clean up after Governor Dukakis, in part because low taxes are a good idea. He is a man who mixes easily, is relaxed, self-confident, gregarious, but not, in the opinion of some, genuinely comfortable with the lower orders. He is, by their reckoning, a patrician who, thumbing down the Decalogue, bumps into, Thou shalt look after those in need, and appear to be enjoying this, as also their company. He has been compared with Nelson Rockefeller, everybody's protective older brother, who however was never truly relaxed except in the company of his social equals.

The exchanges between Kerry and Weld were for a while remarkable in the civilities expressed. The entire arrangement was as if superintended by an Ivy League Political Competition committee, specifying holds barred, money spent, manners exhibited. They agreed on what would be spent in their campaigns, and agreed to debate frequently. What has happened in the last little while is the ignoring of the Ivy League coach as the two candidates yield to biological impulses. They both very much want to win, and the hell with decorum.

Money is no problem. John Kerry's family was wealthy to begin with, and then he married the widow of John (57 Varieties) Heinz. The governor is a multi-millionaire, but contends that he has spent only two thousand dollars out of his own pocket (one wonders, on what were these dollars spent? A bigger model of the Mayflower?). He charges that Kerry has loosed an extra one million dollars in his campaign, violating their covenant. And then he springs the news that Mr. Kerry's dwelling in Washington was paid for by lobbyists, as also the apartment in New York to which he had access whenever he traveled there.

Boston hangs on in suspense over what Mr. Kerry will come in with as a countercharge, but what is it that would truly shock the Boston Establishment? It is very self-indulgent, paying 21 city employees for every thousand residents, the average among cities Boston's size being 14. Pittsburgh has 13, Columbus, Ohio 12, Indianapolis 7. An electorate that will send any Kennedy with two eyes to Washington is not easily scandalized. John Kerry is a Catholic, divorced and remarried. He voted with Clinton to authorize partial-birth abortions. Governor Weld is boisterously PC on abortion and gay rights. There is a third candidate, Susan Gallagher, who opposes abortion, but she seems destined to slip by virtually unnoticed. Well, these paradoxes are not rare, as Junior Phi Bete Weld certainly knows. There were an estimated fifty thousand prostitutes in Rome in the Middle Ages.



"From what you've told me, Lord Godiva, she's definitely in a mid-life crisis."

Is the outcome of the Massachusetts election something that concerns the nation? Beyond the one vote, plus or minus, in the Senate when it is organized in January? If Weld beats Kerry decisively, he will be a contender for the presidential nomination in the year 2000. If Kerry wins, he will be a dominant Democratic figure in Washington, though he may have to cough up for his own lodgings. □

Gold Strike in Idaho

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29

In Emmett, Idaho, as reported last summer in this space, the elders are attempting a novel approach to teenage pregnancy. They are trying to enforce a law. Mr. James Brooke of the *New York Times* reports on the acquiescent consternation that has resulted. The law is a relatively old one, dating back to 1921, and it prohibits fornication, defined as sexual relations between unmarried people of the opposite sex. There is no call, in this political season, to amend that law.

For example, one young mother has been had up, alongside her startled boyfriend. They were found guilty and sentenced to probation for three years. This requires the young couple (he is 16, she 17) to attend "parenting" classes together, to complete high school, to stay employed and off drugs, alcohol, and cigarettes. And no more sex? The story does not tell us, so that comparison with the legendary cheerleaders of the Norfolk (Va.) high school ("We don't drink, / We don't smoke, / Nor-folk, Nor-folk!") doesn't come immediately to mind. But the very idea is, in these days, arresting.

Commentary has focused on several aspects of the Emmett drive. The language of the law does not single out teenagers exclusively, and for that reason (plus others not disclosed) the local American Civil Liberties Union is jumping around in protest against a discriminatory application of the law. Why not bring in the kids' grandparents, if caught in a motel room? The objection is easily silenced by the prosecutor who pointed out that there is a lot of discrimination against the very young, who can't get married, drive a car, drink,

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buy cigarettes, vote, or leave school until reaching certain ages. Why should not the people who make the rules make rules which when broken can result in an illegitimate child?

Many years ago, progressive economists, often led by J. K. Galbraith, began stressing the social costs of inanimate products. The manufacturer who lets loose an automobile imposes on society a variety of corollary obligations which include roads, gasoline stations, insurance companies, repairmen, tow trucks. The idea of charging for a license plate and taxing gas is to help defray this cost. The production of a child who is without two parents imposes a huge cost on the society that needs to educate that child, and a cost especially high on the child himself, who, statistics inform us, has a 600 per cent higher probability than others of ending in prison, on drugs, in poverty, and illiterate. Those responsible for loosing a child without prospect of joint parentage are quite accurately held to have violated serious social commandments.

Now one result of the revival of the 1921 ban is to cause parents to ask for more sex education. One 17-year-old girl, Becky Harris, questioned on the subject replied, " 'Fornifcation'? [*sic*]—what's that?" One safely assumes that she did not know the four-syllable word for it, not that she did not know what it was all about. One-half of the teenagers in the area, according to the polls, have had sexual experience. It is probably true that the primary purpose of the sex-education courses being considered isn't to discourage sexual activity, but to teach how to engage in it without procreation. But in Emmett, Idaho, the parents will run into the same problem faced over the years elsewhere, namely: Does sex education actually reduce pregnancy, or merely increase sexual activity?

What especially catches the attention is the idea of trying to enforce a law, in place of habituating society to its violation. Like, oh, graffiti. Imagine if a bounty were given to anyone who detected a vandal in the act. Suppose a law required a student to learn how to read, no excuses?

The free-market system suffers much criticism from its implicit cruelty, to use the word of some critics. Permitted to make the decisive allocations it will let a person go hungry?—yet, always with the obvious exceptions, it requires very few hours' labor to earn enough to buy necessary food. We have to believe that many of those who do not read, could do so if required to make the effort to learn. Why is the capitalist system not generating the appropriate pressures? And yes, why should the young man who impregnates the girl and then disdains the responsibilities of fatherhood be as carefree as so many of them are? At least in Emmett, they are forbidden to smoke cigarettes. □

What to Do About the Expatriate?

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22

The question, from a member of the Democratic panel, was intended as hostile. What did we Republicans think of American citizens who, in order to save taxes, give up their citizenship?

I answered to the effect that protest against taxation is a venerable American habit, thought to be axiomatic by those of our ancestors who emptied a boat laden with tea into Boston Harbor.

Well, what did we think of the proposal to bar such expatriates from living here for more than four months every year?

That question sends us back to the thought-library. When is expatriation commendable?

We begin by acknowledging that all Americans are the fruit of expatriation. We have never cultivated harsh thoughts for those who left England or Holland in search of greater religious freedom than they had at home. Certainly we do not resent those who came to America fleeing persecution. And, on reflection, we do not resent those who came here looking for commercial opportunity, do we? If Andrew Carnegie left Scotland intending nothing more than to make a fortune in the New World, what is the proper attitude of the Scots he abandoned?

During and after the Revolutionary War there was some resentment of the "loyalists" who went to Canada. But the bitterness was not long lasting, and it isn't hard to understand that there should have been those for whom the tug of loyalty to the Crown transcended contemporary revolutionary ardor. The Southerner who abandoned his "country" (there were very few) because he did not wish to identify himself with a war the apparent purpose of which was to establish the South's right to continue to allow slavery would not, in retrospect, be thought cowardly, or disloyal, though his timing was questionable.

What about the rich American who gives up his flag in order to shield himself from taxation?

The spastic answer is that of course such a man is to be despised. But it's also true, isn't it, that we are, as Americans, tolerant of deviant behavior? The most engaging recent example of expatriate canniness is the man who gave up his citizenship, pulled out his money, went off to live in some little island country, and persuaded the government to appoint him Ambassador to the United States. A really nifty arrangement, because now he has rejoined his family and lives in his native land, tax free. Somebody somewhere got in the way of that little maneuver, and now the question raised in Congress is how far to limit expatriates' visits to the United States. After 182 days, you become a U.S. resident for purposes of taxation; so that anyone primarily engaged in evading taxes would not expect to live more than six months a year here. But there is sentiment in Congress for limiting this time further, even drastically.

One seeks perspective. Sure, anybody ought to have the right to go anywhere to take up residence, subject of course to the right of every country to regulate immigration. The question we are considering is whether the man who undertakes alienation in order to protect his property is beneath contempt.

Certainly that would be so if such a person left his country when it was in distress. We have read of Germans who thought it disloyal to leave when Hitler assumed power, on the grounds that their duty now was to unseat Hitler. Others, despairing of this possibility, fled to protect themselves and family.

An American who left the country in wartime can properly be thought of as a deserter. But what about an American who decides that the property he has accumulated he wishes to retain for himself and his family? How heavily should he be punished? Should we allow him only thirty days in his ex-country? Three days? No days?

Loyalty has always got to be contingent. The current issue of *First Things* publishes five deeply philosophical essays wondering whether loyalty has been forfeited to a government whose judiciary arrogates authority over life and death, as the Supreme Court has done in the matter of abortions, and threatens to do on euthanasia. A belief in equal treatment under the law is not frivolous; and the citizen made to pay at class-warfare rates, current or prospective, can presumably be thought of as an Andrew Carnegie in reverse. We must remember what Burke taught us, that a country to be loved must be lovely. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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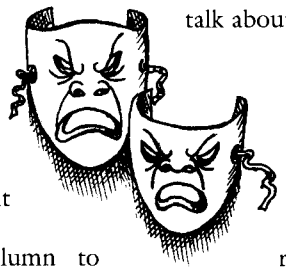
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

FOR the past year my local radio station has been running an ad for a mental-health clinic. It begins with a somber voice-over reciting statistics about depression, then launches into a minidrama featuring a teenager sobbing, "I can't take it anymore!" In another version, a man dissolves in tears and blubbers, "It's no use! Nothing helps!"

Whenever they came on I always yelled a string of unprintables at the radio, but sometime in October I lapsed into an oddly placid silence. I knew why. Campaign '96 had turned me into what the South calls a "good soul," meaning crazy, but not enough to commit; the kind of craziness that involves rocking back and forth, smiling absently, and not bothering anybody. I stopped yelling at the radio because I knew how those people in the ads felt: I couldn't take it anymore either.



Meanwhile, I had a column to write—this one—due October 29 but scheduled to reach you after the election. The dates called for a brilliant last-minute analysis that would turn out to be stunningly prescient, but try as I might, I got nowhere. "Nothin' helps," croaked the Clinton in my head. "It's no use, it's no use, it's no use!" barked the Dole trio lodged in my ear. A writing block loomed.

Most columnists confronted with this problem wing it by writing about their children, but as you know, I've never been blessed. I was up against it, so I decided to kill two birds with one stone and answer my *NR* fan mail in print.

First I'd like to thank the two readers, whoever you are, who sent me roses anonymously back in February when I called Princess Di a masochistic peasant. Unfortunately for me, you sent your floral tributes to *NR*'s New York office, but I don't work there. No matter; the staff enjoyed the roses and I enjoyed the deliciously mysterious unsigned cards, which are now in my scrapbook.

Something similar happened ten years ago when I raved Oleg Cassini's autobiography in *Newsday* and he sent me a bottle of Dom Perignon—to *Newsday*. I told the book department to send me the card and donate the champagne to anyone with a big romantic evening in the works. That was lavishly optimistic of me, knowing book departments as I do, but I didn't dare let them mail it.

"G.B." in Dallas wrote me about his daughter, a graduate civil-engineering student who has just moved into her first apartment and doesn't like living alone. To boost her spirits, he asked me to write her and give her a pep talk about the joys of independence. I appreciate the trust but I question the wisdom of asking me to comfort an extrovert: I wanted my own apartment when I was four. I like winter better than summer, rain better than sunshine, night better than day, silence better than sound, and secession better than union. *NR* parents! It's 10 P.M. Do you know who's cheering up your children?

In any event, G.B., by studying civil engineering your daughter has exhibited an independence far superior to my own. I was raised by a grandmother who said, "A lady never adds fractions if they have different bottoms."

"H.J." in Baltimore is worried that I have "joined the feminist effort for equality by sacrificing the rules governing pronouns." His alarm bells sounded on reading my Paris column when, describing the joys of spending Thanksgiving in a foreign country, I wrote: "Nobody inviting me to share their tumultuous family gatherings." Did I, asks H.J., "use *their* to avoid the crime of using the masculine *his*?"

I never join feminists in anything. I stand by the masculine singular but sometimes it's impossibly awkward. Whenever it is, I do what George Orwell recommended: "Break the rule sooner than say anything outright barbarous." Sometimes you have to go by ear. The Paris column, like this one, was more colloquial and anecdotal than most, and lent itself to a more relaxed, conversational style. The grammar, though technically incorrect, was "right."

H.J. suggests that dropping the pronoun entirely would have been better. Yes, I could have done that, but it would have thrown the tempo off. Writing and keeping time to music are related somehow. I can't explain it, but I can feel it all along my nerve endings and right down to my feet. Unrhythmic prose reminds me of the boy I dated in college who spent $5,000 at Arthur Murray's and still couldn't lead. He followed beautifully, though.

Speaking of my feet, "R.B." in Chicago wants to know what size shoes I wear. This, too, comes from the Paris column, when the French shoe salesman told me I had "English feet."

IN Paris in 1969 I wore a 7½AAA, but I was lithe and young then, and still wearing high heels. Lately I've had to wear 8W sneakers without laces because my feet and ankles are swollen. I have no idea why, but I'll ask *NR*'s David Klinghoffer to look it up in his *Hypochondriac's Handbook* and tell me what I'm supposed to be worried about. You may remember David's article in our Health Care issue wherein he confessed to keeping a blood-pressure gauge in his desk. They say that once, after an editorial phone call with me, he took his pressure and the cuff exploded.

"L.E." in Minneapolis wants to know why I never write about foreign policy. That's easy. If it doesn't involve England, it didn't really happen.

What, asks "P.K." in Richmond, do I think Virginia Military Institute should do now that the Supreme Court has ruled it must go coed? I think VMI should do to itself what Rome did to Carthage in the Punic Wars: tear it down, brick by brick, stone by stone, and sow every acre with salt rather than give in to the diversity dictatorship.

"J.J." in Seattle has several bones to pick with me. "Don't you care about the infrastructure? How would you feel if a bridge collapsed?" That would depend upon who was on it at the time. "What should the government do about tobacco?" I would love to see the day when President Bork abolishes all anti-smoking groups by fiat. Don't worry, that's just a car. □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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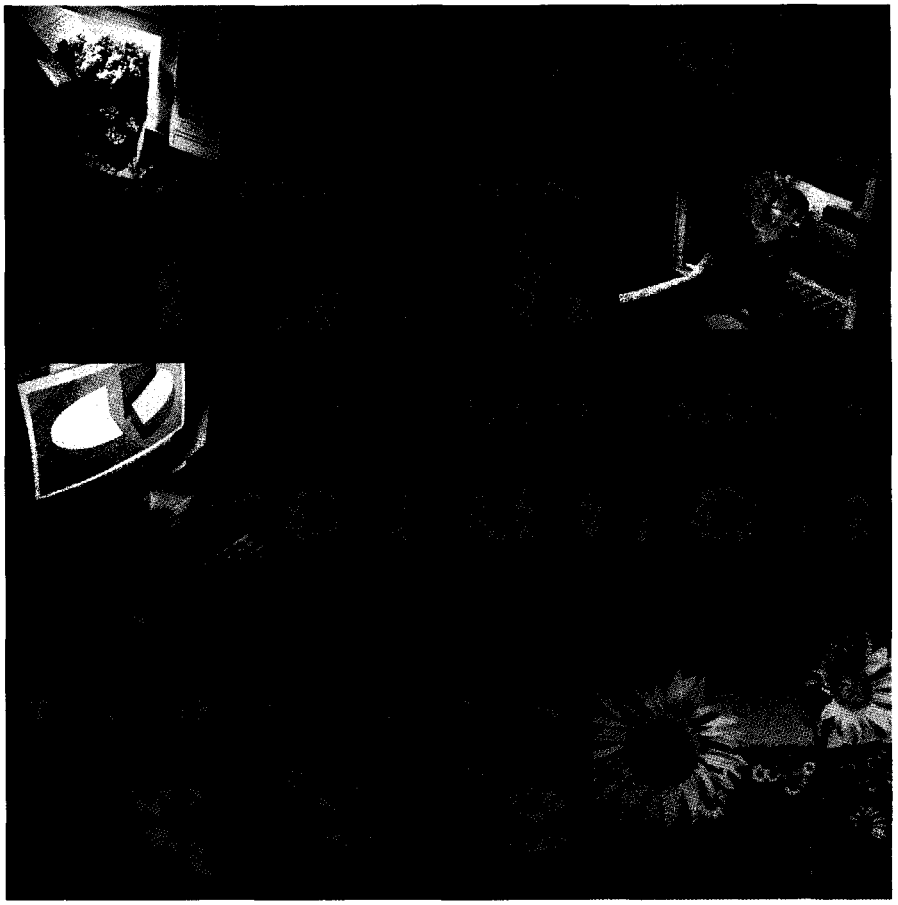

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